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THE ARTIST'S LOVE.

"Thank heaven, I am where I'll see no woman's face, except that of my kind old aunt for the next two months" and Foster Ellis strolled out from the picturesque farm house hidden by the New Hampshire hills to smoke a cigar in the orchard He had been badly treated by one particular woman in town—a woman with blue, bewildering eyes sweet and shy as the eyes of an infant, and red pouting lips that had smiled on him so often and then in the end, had calmly told him that she could not accept him as a lover, but would like him for a friend They had also mentioned something of the old millionaire and a slim beautiful hand had been lifted before him, with a great ring on one white finger that almost blinded him by its flash and glitter

"If you were wealthier Foster" the beautiful woman had said regretfully and his scornful answer had fallen bitterly from his paling lips

"I would not outbid your purchaser Miss Van Vleet good day" and the young artist with heart wounded and bitter had put by his canvas turning one fair face which he had painted lovingly to the wall and wrote to his aunt that if she would receive him he would gladly spend the summer with herself and husband on the farm The answer being a delightful welcome he had come And now sitting under the orchard shade, he was looking very handsome and very moody and very miserable to the young girl who passed quite near him without being seen by him and who was really worth looking at in her fresh brown haired brown-eyed loveliness

"A gloomy knight" she told herself mischievously "I wonder of what he is thinking? Looks like an artist too which is a greater compliment than one who can always pay those daubers I do wonder if my aunt told him I was here"

She approached him silently but with perfect composure When at last he looked up he saw her standing near smiling a little looking very pretty in her neat dress of light muslin with the broad hat pushed back from her forehead

He rose from his seat regarding her half questioningly, but with something of annoyance in his eyes He had been congratulating himself on seeing no woman's face here, and behold! the fair face of a woman, or a girl, who was scarcely yet a woman, was there before him in the apple tree shadows

"I—pardon me," he said slowly and he flung away the cigar he had taken from his lips

"No, pardon me for disturbing you" she replied, smilingly "And pardon me again for knowing who you are while perhaps you do not know who I am"

He simply bowed, looking the least bit bored What was it to him who she was She smiled again noting the brief expression

"You are Mr Foster Ellis whose name has been on auntie's lips for the last two weeks almost constantly And I—" with a touch of shy malice, "am her niece Bella Grant of whom you have never heard and who demurely, am here on a visit as well as yourself"

An annoyance he could not conceal went over his fine face the girl saw it and smiled

"I'll shorten my visit," he thought aloud he said "I am most happy to learn that you are spending your summer here Miss Grant Are we—are you my cousin?"

"You're not at all happy over it," she told herself shrewdly but she smiled once more

"We are not relatives at all Mr Ellis. Ah here is Auntie" as that lady approached them from the direction of the farm house to summon them in to the early supper, and to bid them in her cordial, warm hearted way, amuse themselves as best pleased them, while they remained at the farm

"I'll not remain long" Foster told himself with a glance over the flowers and strawberries, at Bella's bright face—a glance which she caught

"There's something wrong with our young friend the artist" she told herself while chatting with her uncle about the farm the hay, the recent rains the young pony about to be broken

"I am going to the fields with you tomorrow Uncle Hiram" she said presently "Will you let me rake hay there as that fair Maud Muller of Whittier's did? And then may I ride back with you on the great heap of it when you draw it in?"

"A hoyden" Foster told himself in disgust, but Uncle Hiram promised all she desired Then he asked the young man if he would like to go to the harvest field with them

"You were wanting the invitation were you not?" Bella asked pleasantly looking as innocently as possible "You will be most happy to go will you not Mr Ellis"

"I think I will sketch a very fine view below near the lake" he said coldly "I noticed it as I came"

"Æsthetic" Bella thought "I wonder if he can be won from his stilts but I intend to enjoy myself, artist or no artist civil or not civil"

The following day she did go to the hay field and Maud Muller never looked half so fair as this child of the city in her pretty muslin her broad hat with a rake in her pretty hands laughing delightfully at the novelty of her occupation and when the great hay wagon wound its way along the fields toward the barn, drawn by a pair of lazy-eyed oxen she sat like a fairy among the sweet scented hay very far up indeed and Foster, who had finished his sketch and was watching them from where he stood leaning over a low wall, so admired the picture she made there that he made another sketch, of herself the heavy load of hay, the farm hand almost hidden in it as he guided the oxen Uncle Hiram's ruddy face, beside the fresh laughing one of the girl She saw him and to his annoyance, knew what he was doing for as she passed she called out pleasantly

"You may call it 'Maud's return from the hayfield' Mr Ellis" and he found himself constrained to smile

That evening she begged her aunt to let them have supper out under the apple trees in the orchard, and she coaxed Foster to help her arrange the table there which he found himself doing with a sort of enjoyment When at last she ran away for a moment and returned with a bowl filled with scarlet and white roses which she placed in the center of the table he gave her a glance of smiling commendation

"You have artistic tastes Miss Grant" he said She laughed perfectly unembarrassed

"The result of recent association with an artist" she said saucily

The evening meal over, and both aunt and uncle went off the one to oversee the feeding and watering of the stock the other to direct the servant with regard to the morrow, and in the tender hush of summer gloaming these two young people sat chatting in the orchard At length far below, a plaintive note went floating out, reaching them [illegible] shadows grew dense [illegible] calm of [illegible] hour was about [illegible] Bella quite [illegible] sing something for him It was [illegible] the old pain the [illegible] upon [illegible] to talk

Yet [illegible] through the silence [illegible] ing with power [illegible] ness he found [illegible] so sweet [illegible] forget all haunting [illegible]

She sung first the [illegible] Mary [illegible] the sorrowing love of young [illegible] was slowly breaking [illegible] still [illegible] My [illegible] Scotland's Queen [illegible] wonder [illegible]

Was this the hoyden whom he had seen riding home in the sunset from the hay field Why even Miss Van Vleet [illegible] so sweet a voice [illegible] closely at her as [illegible] twilight How [illegible] she looked sitting [illegible] her hands lying [illegible] in her lap Surely she had less beauty than the woman he [illegible] youth her beauty and that [illegible] best love for the gold of a [illegible] millionaire He told himself [illegible] told himself also that [illegible] all women [illegible] women were not so [illegible] that one who had trifled with his love

That night [illegible] at his window watching the [illegible] clouds [illegible] with the [illegible] poor [illegible] echo of a girlish voice [illegible] mother's above her infant's cot

"I think I'll stay [illegible] I intended" he said slowly [illegible] will [illegible]

But he did [illegible] and more as the days went by [illegible] himself longing for her [illegible] listening to her with [illegible] delight and when at [illegible] in the latter part [illegible] summoned him [illegible] he where she [illegible] in the [illegible] left it he [illegible] might [illegible] many things in the [illegible] love [illegible] them, and [illegible]

"You have [illegible] to him "You had [illegible] forget [illegible] you sure— [illegible]

"You have [illegible] me that [illegible] is worth more than a bitter memory love," he said [illegible] still remembered with anything [illegible] sadness I do not think I [illegible] going to for I am going to tell you all about it Bella"

And when she had heard [illegible] her head on his bosom with a happy [illegible]

"You could not [illegible] whispered [illegible] love you I will [illegible] wife"

In the autumn [illegible] ply and quietly at [illegible] Bella had not left [illegible] first that he had now [illegible] the belle of B——

They spent the winter in [illegible] young artist proved himself [illegible] talents Once in the studio [illegible] Rome's great masters a beautiful [illegible] passed them on the arm of an old [illegible] pleasant looking man and the lady [illegible] her fair head to Foster who simply [illegible] his in return

"She is lovely Who is she" Bella asked and her husband smiled down at her with clear frank eyes as he answered

"She is Mrs [illegible] now She was a Miss Van Vleet That is her husband" And the wife smiled back with [illegible]

Mary [illegible] in Philadelphia Call

At the Dinner of the Gourmands

There is a Philadelphia club called [illegible] Gourmands and it is said to be [illegible] named Its last annual dinner was [illegible] the other night and was supposed to be served in the Greek style [illegible] was served whole and as natural as possible Goldfish were [illegible] in [illegible] glass globes and soon after served [illegible] themselves on [illegible] lifelike [illegible] center of the [illegible] Several possums [illegible] their furry pelts stood [illegible] until devoured One [illegible] baked blackbirds —Chicago Herald

Sedan Chairs Used at Bath

Sedan chairs that for the last [illegible] years have been altogether [illegible] Bath are again being [illegible] advantages of [illegible] for invalids [illegible] a bath Sedan chairs are [illegible] able for this purpose than [illegible] the Bath chair that [illegible] entirely displaced them [illegible]

The Increased Consumption of Opium

In Europe and North America the consumption of [illegible] that leaves [illegible] the [illegible] the Caucasian [illegible] Dr [illegible] estimates that [illegible] quantum sold [illegible] is not less than twenty [illegible] that could [illegible] medical prescriptions Dr [illegible] O wall

WHERE OYSTERS GROW.

THE VALUABLE DEPOSITS OF CHESAPEAKE BAY AND TRIBUTARIES

An Increase in the Magnitude of the Oyster Industry—Three Varieties of the Bivalve Supply of Seed Oysters for Europe—"Shucking"

The oyster industry of the Chesapeake [illegible] when considered in its several [illegible] of planting dredging tonging and packing is something wonderful It has expanded immensely during the past [illegible] years It was in 1867 that the nucleus of this great industry was formed at Seaford Del by a company of capitalists from [illegible] Fairhaven Conn At that period the business was principally that of canning and canned oysters commanded [illegible] sale throughout the north and [illegible] Previous to this time the rich and [illegible] oyster deposits of the Chesapeake and its tributaries covering an area [illegible] territory of about 400 square [illegible] comparatively undeveloped [illegible] with the largely increased demand for [illegible] as an article of food with the introduction of improved appliances for facilitating the taking of the bivalve from its [illegible] and preparing it in various forms for the market—canned steamed, pickled and tubbed with a radical change in the whole system of operations, and with the augmented water and rail facilities for cheap and rapid transportation, [illegible] cutting season witnesses a very [illegible] increase in the magnitude of [illegible] industry

THREE VARIETIES OF THE BIVALVES

Of the three varieties existing along the Atlantic coast those abounding in the [illegible] Bay are known as Ostrea Virginiana or southern oyster They are said to be [illegible] develop more rapidly are [illegible] and more tenacious of life [illegible] the European varieties Though [illegible] they are held in special favor on account of richness of flavor and are preferred to the larger oyster on account of [illegible] for stewing purposes They have acquired a wide reputation abroad, [illegible] in the enormous quantities [illegible] annually find their way to the other side of the ocean When it became apparent that the oyster farms in foreign waters were becoming rapidly depleted, the [illegible] of introducing seed oysters from the Chesapeake bay to recuperate them was suggested Its practicability was seriously questioned but recent experiments have dissipated doubts and have demonstrated that the American oyster can be safely transplanted and propagated As a result of the success of the experiment Europe has drawn heavily for her supply upon the resources of American bays and rivers particularly the Chesapeake, until there are apprehensions that with the constant drain to meet the increased demand for home consumption and home trade to furnish seed for local waters and to keep up the supply for foreign markets many of the natural beds will become extinct

Notwithstanding the extraordinary fecundity of the oyster, the young do not develop with that rapidity to make the beds sufficiently productive to maintain an inexhaustible supply of merchantable oysters It is estimated that a healthy spawn is capable of producing about [illegible],000 spat, or young, but the multitude of perils which these helpless, fragile forms of marine life encounter from the time they take to rock —i e settle down in the beds until they reach maturity, such as meteorological influences ravages from the relentless star fish and periwinkle leave but a small per cent of the marketable oyster in the bed Added to this the manifold local causes which conspire to assist in depleting the Chesapeake waters and the grounds for this apprehension become manifest

THE SIMPLE PROCESS OF "SHUCKING"

There are two grades of oysters known [illegible] the straights taken indiscriminately from the bin and the selects or those carefully culled The process of shucking is simple and an expert and industrious shucker will average about fifty gallons per day of ten hours The hammer and knife are in general use though here [illegible] open the oyster by a process called [illegible] using a thin steel blade about [illegible] and a half inches in length, and in [illegible] of cracking the nib or the large end of the oyster on the bank with the hammer they insert the blade on the side [illegible] with the adductor muscle, [illegible] by a dexterous twist of the wrist [illegible] off one valve leaving the oyster whole and solid in the other Most of the [illegible] houses pay 15 cents per gallon, [illegible] shuckers receive 20 cents per gallon

By careful computation there are employed in and about the numerous packing establishments in the Peninsula 8,000 men, women and children white and colored in the various capacities of shucking [illegible] transferring and packing There [illegible] called orphans or boats [illegible] regularly engaged in the [illegible] but which are held in reserve in [illegible] emergency There are 1 000 dredge [illegible] averaging twenty five tons [illegible] with 4 000 canoes and smaller craft [illegible] about six bushels each daily [illegible] season which usually begins [illegible] of September and extends to [illegible] April atmospheric influence [illegible] a sudden transition from [illegible] to a protracted warm sultry [illegible] disastrous to the business [illegible] phenomenal thunder storm in [illegible] death to the oyster There [illegible] in these boats 15 000 men and [illegible] capital represented [illegible] establishments is $1 000 000 [illegible] the year 1884 was 16 000 [illegible] with a shipment approximating [illegible] 800,000 gallons —Cor Chicago Herald

How Cut Glass Is Produced

Cut glass is produced by first grinding [illegible] wheels of stone then with [illegible] covered with sharp sand [illegible] with brush wheels covered [illegible] a small stream of water [illegible] kept running on the glass [illegible] the heat of friction —Scientific Journal

Something About the Chinese Language.

Chinese is a queer language All its words are only one syllable long But the sounds in the Chinese language are not very many, some 465 at most, and their written language contains about 8 000 pictures, each representing a thing or idea And these pictures must be committed to memory This is hard work, and not even the wisest Chinese professor can learn them all But now comes a difficulty For, of course, where there are so many words and so few sounds, many different words have to be called by the same sound How then are they to tell, when several different things have exactly the same name, which of them is meant?

We have such words For instance, there is Bill, the name of a boy, and bill, the beak of a bird, there is bill, an old weapon, and bill, a piece of money, there is bill, an article over which legislatures debate, and bill, a claim for a payment of money, besides bills of exchange, bills of lading, and so forth But Chinese is full of such words of a single syllable, yen, for instance, which, like bill, means many very different things So they choose a number of little pictures, and agree that these shall be used as "keys" Each 'key" means that the sign or signs near which it stood belonged to some large, general set of things, like the things of the vegetable mineral, or animal kingdom, forests, mines, or seas, air, or water, or persons like gods or men It was like the game called throwing light, in which you guess the article by narrowing down the field until certain what it is

But there Chinese writing stopped short, thousands of years ago There it is to day There are now 214 of these "keys" and, by intense application, Chinamen learn to use their method with surprising quickness and success —St Nicholas

A Free and Fearless Bill-Poster.

The New York bill poster has, from time immemorial, been a free and fearless rover of the highways In the days when Harry Paulding now dead and gone, had his headquarters in a Park Row cellar and drank champagne as a beverage, with a paste barrel for a throne, these pill posters' wars were incessant A truce was called to one only to have another begin At first Paulding had a monopoly of the business He made a mint of money and tyrannized the whole community that had to deal with him Then opposition started up, and he set to work to fight it The streets were full of war and the police courts kept busy fining the contending factions Now and then one would commit a murderous assault, and on at least one occasion that I recall a murder was scored against the adhesive guild

A prominent theatrical manager having got into a quarrel with Paulding woke one morning to find the whole front of his residence, from cornice to pavement, covered with show bills Even the windows were pasted over, and it cost him a handsome sum to clear the deflement away In another instance, Paulding's brigade pasted the sidewalks of Broadway and Fifth avenue with dodgers that did not wear off for a week When his men were in a merry mood they made nothing of decorating the backs of private carriages with advertising paper, and once they adorned a church front with the bills of a burlesque troupe —New York News "Babble"

He Wanted To Be a Reporter.

Time and again the assertion has been printed that George W Vanderbilt wished to become a newspaper reporter and I do not imagine that readers generally gave entire credence to it Nevertheless, it was true George is the youngest son of the late William H Vanderbilt and a sharer in the estate to the extent of about $30 000,000 At the time of his effort to get into journalism he was only an heir prospective, and he had strong desire to do something on his own account "I had an idea that I could become a writer," he said, a few days ago, "and I believed that there was no better schooling to be had than as a reporter I fancied that I would like the work, too I went down to the Sun office and talked with Mr Dana about it, and he said he would give me a place on the staff on the same footing as the other reporters That was what I wanted But father opposed it He believed I wouldn't get a fair, square opportunity—that the public would be censorious of my work, no matter how careful my employers might be to deal with me exactly as with the others So I gave it up, and it is too late now"

What he meant, as I construed it, was that, having acquired an enormous fortune, it is too late, for him to accomplish anything else He has a marked literary bent, however, and is apt to write a book sooner or later George Vanderbilt is the wealthiest bachelor in America —New York Cor Galveston News

A Widow's Extraordinary Devotion

"If you want to learn what extravagance is" said an employe of a Chicago cemetery, "just look into the monument business Some of these stone men are very sleek talkers, and if they once get hold of a man, he is as a rule, a goner The desire to pay respect to the memory of deceased relatives by erecting handsome monuments is a laudable one, and it is also quite general, but sometimes it finds most extravagant expression For instance, there is a shaft in our cemetery erected by a widow over her husband's grave which costs about $450, and which the poor woman is gradually paying for out of her earnings at the wash tub"—Chicago Herald

Decline in the Ostrich Feather Trade

The ostrich feather trade in Tripoli declined so rapidly last year as to eventually end in a complete collapse and the consequences it entailed proved disastrous to all connected with the business and more or less prejudicially affected other branches of trade As a result, trade with the interior of Africa is said to be suspended people hesitating to risk their diminished capital in enterprises to remote parts of the continent before some signs of amelioration in the feather trade manifest themselves and as yet there are none such —Chicago Times

In India there are four female missionaries to every 1 000 000 of women

STAGE REALISM.

REMARKABLE THEATRE PERFORMANCE IN DENVER'S EARLY DAY

The "Siege of Lucknow" Produced in Fine Style—The Night When the Soldiers Had the House—Touching Off a Loaded Cannon

At Denver, in the winter of 1863, the principal theater was run under the management of John Langrish At that time some 6 000 Union soldiers were stationed there The soldiers took great interest in the theatre and were its principal, or at least its most enthusiastic, patrons Every night the house was crowded—particularly the gallery—with soldiers To please the boys in blue Mr Langrish put on the "Siege of Lucknow" Both men and officers took great interest in the piece They were determined that it should be produced in fine style The soldiers made a lot of bombs to be used in the fort scene, the officers allowed two cannon to be brought to the theater for use in the fort and about fifty men armed with muskets volunteered to act as the attacking army of natives For two or three days previous to the night when the piece was to be presented there were more soldiers at work on the stage and about the theatre than helpers of any other kind They bossed all the warlike preparations

THE FIRING WAS TERRIFIC

The great night came, and the soldiers had the house Not only were they in the gallery but they also filled the seats and the lower floor Mrs Langrish took the part of Jessie Brown When the attack was made on the fort the firing was terrific Then bombs began to fall into the fort These were balls of yarn containing gun powder In order to produce good effect the reckless soldiers who made these imitation bomb shells had placed in each nearly half a pound of powder They made a report as loud as the largest China bombs The bombs made it mighty hot for poor Jessie Brown In less than half a minute her dress was on fire in two or three places, and everybody expected to see her beat a retreat But those with her in the fort smothered her burning dress and she stood her ground

The supposition was, among the people of the theatre that the cannon was not loaded The priming of the pieces was to be flashed and a drum was to be struck to imitate the report But some soldier had slipped into one of the cannon a cartridge containing about two pounds of powder When those in the fort began to reply to the fire of the attacking party this cannon was touched off and it blew a hole through the side of the theatre nearly eight feet square This excited the soldiers in front, and those in the gallery began firing their revolvers up into the ceiling, while those below turned loose into the floor In a few seconds the whole place was so full of powder smoke that one could hardly breathe or see The lights presented the appearance of street lamps seen through a dense fog The excuse that the soldiers afterwards made for riddling the floor and ceiling was that all was so much like a real battle that they forgot where they were, and so began firing before they realized what they were about That night all 'the boys in blue" felt that they got the full worth of their money—Salt Lake Tribune

Beating a "Three Card Monte" Man

The confederate, of course, took the occasion of the operator's turn of his head to bend up a corner of the right card, wink at the group and thus seemingly open the way to a sure thing In the ordinary course somebody would have bet on the card and lost for the expert handler would have straightened that card and bent another But there was a variance from usage and the rogue was delighted by hearing two men say that they wished to bet simultaneously Their $10 apiece was put in the hands of one of the party, along with $20 from the gambler who felt certain that he couldn't be defrauded if he won

Now consider the situation for an instant One of the three cards lying face downward would win $20 To a dead certainty it was not that which had its corner twisted The gambler may have doubted if such opponents would be fooled by that familiar trick but he doubtless reasoned that at the worst, his chances would be even in case one of the other cards should be selected But his fatal mistake was in letting two bets be made at once 'I'll take this card" and one visitor picked up an unbent card "And I'll have this," said the other also avoiding the marked card, "and we'll go out to a fun supper with the $20 ch" So they did, and their merriment was in strong contrast to the gloom which settled down on the museum management —"Durandal" in Cincinnati Enquirer

Every One of Them Thanked Him

A New York young man in three months gave his seat in a car to fifty nine women and girls young women old women, pretty girls ugly girls shop girls cash girls rich girls colored girls washerwomen women with diamonds and sealskins, and very shabby women Every one of these thanked the young man One grateful old soul gave him a doughnut from her basket several of them held his satchel and bundles while he stood He had a cough once and a kind hearted old woman told him what to do for it and on one occasion a grateful Irishwoman announced to the car that he was a gintleman if ever there was wan Perhaps after all, when a woman neglects to thank a man for giving her a seat it may only be because she fears he may be a masher who will take advantage of her good breeding —Chicago Herald

Well Supplied with Duck Meat

One of the workmen in the bluestone quarries on the Lackawaxen river keeps his family well supplied with duck meat He sets ordinary steel rat traps baited with fish whenever he finds an open shallow spot in the ice bound river The ducks go there to swim and hunt for food, see the fish under the water, dive for it, and get caught by the head and a series of duck tails sticking out of the water mark the spots where they died Chicago Herald

HOW LINCOLN USED AN ALMANAC.

An Anecdote of "Old Abe" that Has Floated to the Surface.

In his boyhood Lincoln was befriended by a family in humble circumstances, who generously aided him in the effort to attain advancement in life He afterward left his little town to seek a wider sphere of action, with a mental vow to repay the kindness of these unselfish friends After many years he returned to the scene of his early struggle a successful lawyer, with a name already known to fame The community was agitated over a murder committed in its midst by one of its townsfolk Lincoln was requested to undertake the defense, the particulars were furnished him and by a strange interposition of fate he saw the way to repay his early debt —for the accused was the son of his friend There was little chance to refute the evidence against the young man, for two respected citizens swore to the recognition of his face by the light of the moon as they surprised him at the side of his victim. Lincoln arose to open the defense He carelessly asked for an almanac, which he saw lying on the clerk's desk, simply for the sake of gaining time, while he sought in his mind for a clew to the sympathies of the jury—a cold, hard set of men with convictions already formed As he abstractedly flattened the leaves of the book his eyes, even at this trying moment, lit up with something akin to that keen sense of humor so characteristic of him and he began his speech His words fell like the rattling of artillery upon the astonished, spellbound audience, and without leaving the box the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty" He cleared the prisoner and found the witnesses guilty of perjury

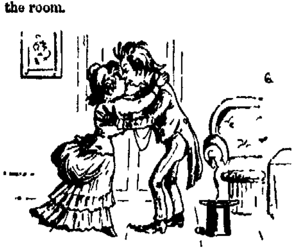
"But, gentlemen" said Lincoln, years after in telling this story, 'I was careful to keep that almanac in my hand the while, and to carry it out of court with me—there was no other copy there"

'What had the almanac to do with it?" questioned my friend

"It was a year old" said Lincoln, with a twinkle of humor in his eye, 'and proved conclusively that the moon did not shine on the night of the date of the murder—in the previous year When the truth leaked out, as of course it did, they could not try the man over again and wisely concluded that 'silence is golden'"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Telltale Eye Glasses.

SPRING —Adolphus thinks he will spring on the old lady an avowal of his love for her daughter, but just then she is called from the room.



SUMMER —During which they have a sumnery time.

FALL.—On her return her eyes fall on the telltale eye glasses.

WINTER.—Which brings about a winter to their discontent.—Fliegende Blætter

A Justice's First Charge

"Gentlemen of the jury charging a jury is a new business to me, as this is my first case You have heard all the evidence, as well as myself you have also heard what the learned counsel have said If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff but if, on the other hand you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me and don't believe what either of them has said, then I'll be d—d if I know what you will do Constable, take charge of the jury —Exchange

Marriage Notices.

The president must be of the opinion with Life that the comments on his bride elect are decidedly fulsome —Life

We wonder if Grover will marry,
We wonder if Bismarck loves France,
We wonder if Dr Mary Walker's
Got any Sunday trowsers.

—Tid Bits.

The papers seem inclined to marry the president to that Buffalo girl without the consent of either Detroit Free Press

Big Sales and Large Profits.

Mark Twain told a recent visitor that he could print single copies of Gen Grant's book for 55 cents each The selling price is $3 50

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A ROYAL SYMPHONY.

Everybody who knew Mr Doublebass agreed that it was entirely his own fault that he had not achieved a distinguished position in the musical world His musical gifts were beyond question He was a perfect master of several instruments had a profound knowledge of the theoretical branch of his art, and was in addition to this a man of wide reading and some literary power But at the age of 50 he was engaged in a desperate struggle for existence The reason was not difficult to discover Mr Doublebass had sundry views about the nature of art and the duties of an artist, which, however sublime in themselves, are conducive neither to personal popularity nor pecuniary profit He had a constitutional horror of humbug in every shape, and an unfortunate facility in blurting out his opinions in defiance of conventionality and prejudice By these means he had ruined one after another of the chances life had brought him He had failed as a professor at a well known musical institution by a remorseless severity with which he kept his pupils at the groundwork of their studies before allowing them to proceed to higher things He had made himself impossible as a conductor by his resolute refusal to have anything to do with works which did not satisfy his high stnadard of artist excellence He had lost his post as musical critic on one of the London dailies by his ferocious onslaught upon one or two distinguished amateurs In the natural course of things therefore Mr Doublebass sank lower and lower in the world until, meeting with bad health in addition to his other reverses he was at last compelled to take a second fiddle in a well known London orchestra while his daughter Maggie—for by this time Mr Doublebass was a widower extracted what addition could be made to their scanty means out of a maiden lady lodger

One wet December evening, the little gentleman came home rather later than usual to his modest mansion in the neighborhood of Park street Camden Town Maggie was as usual waiting up for him and took from him his fiddle case and dripping overcoat—owing to circumstances beyond his control Mr Doublebass had been out without an umbrella The old man turned into the little front parlor, and, without many remarks, fell to work upon the fragment of Dutch cheese, the household loaf and the half pint of beer spread out for his refreshment.

"Any news Maggie he inquired presently

"Yes, great news, father said the girl looking up from her work I have had a visitor"

"Friendly or hostile?' asked Mr Doublebass, who had a vivid recollection that the "water rates' had called a few days previously, and promised a repetition of his visit shortly

"A friend," in a gay tone He said he had good news for you, and left this note with the message that you must be at home to morrow without fail' Mr Doublebass opened the note which his daughter handed to him, and read as follows

"DEAR D—Have you still got the symphony by you, about which you spoke to me some weeks ago? If you have I think I can find an opening for it, provided you will be satisfied with a 10 pound note But I must see you about it at once Will call at 10 a m to morrow Yours

'SOAPLEY SMART'

"Bless the man, what does he scent himself like that for? Why, the very paper he touches smells like a barber's shop Give me the tobacco Mag" cried the old man, tossing the note from him with a sniff

"Hadn't I better get the symphony too, father?" asked Maggie

"Bah! what does he know about the symphony? It's not the sort of stuff he wants," said Mr Doublebass, contemptuously "However I suppose he must see it Just get it down, Maggie and I'll see that it is all in order before I go to bed" Maggie had no difficulty in laying her hands upon the precious MS in question, which had been the companion of their troubles for many years, and Mr Doublebass' solace under many trials The girl was indeed, scarcely less interested in the symphony than the old man himself and knew enough of her father to guess that, in spite of his petulant tone the prospect of his work being given to the world at last elated him not a little

Punctually at 10 o clock the next morning Mr Soapley Smart drove up to the door He was by no means a gentleman of that type with which eminence in the musical profession is commonly associated His clothes were of a highly fashionable cut and material he had an eyeglass in one eye his hair which was yellow and scanty, was cut short and parted in the middle, and he wore a heavy mustache and two little tufts of whisker At an early age of his musical career he had achieved fame by the publication of a seductive waltz of a simple character called 'Ecoutez moi' and two or three intensely pathetic ballads the best known of which is "The Angel and the Kiss Having an extensive connection in fashionable circles, he had rapidly advanced into the higher walks of art He was the habitual associate of aristocratic amateurs performed at smoking concerts where even royalty smoked cigars and played the violin, conducted an orchestral society for membership of which a title was the one indispensable qualification During the last twelve months this talented gentleman had on more than one occasion shown a friendly interest in Mr Doublebass, and it was to him that the elder musician owed his seat in the orchestra where he now played Mr Doublebass who, to tell the truth entertained a profound contempt for Soapley Smart and all his works was quite at a loss to account for these acts of friendship though possibly if Miss Doublebass had chosen she might have enlightened her father on that point

I haven't many minutes to spare said Mr Smart in his airy manner as he took a seat Don't run away Miss Doublebass I may have to talk secrets but nothing I am sure but what I may trust you with Now then where is the magnum opus?

Mr Doublebass handed the MS to his visitor

'Rather bulky isn't it?' observed Mr Smart poising the work in his hands I hope it isn't too long though that's a defect soon remedied What's this (the critic had rapidly turned over a page or two) ' Allegro Andante con moto 'Scherzo This looks like Phill[illegible] [illegible] form doesn't it Doublebass We don't want anything too serious you know But perhaps I had better tell you the facts first I have told you I can find an opening for this symphony Doublebass and that you will be well paid for it But there are certain [illegible] I don't want it for publication in the ordinary way It is to be produced in public but are you prepared not only to part with the property in it—of course for good consideration—but to give up all claim to the authorship?' Mr Doublebass, who had been looking at his visitor with a comical expression, took of his spectacles wiped them and put them on again as if to assist his comprehension

I beg your pardon he said

It is in this way ' resumed Mr Smart 'A new symphony is to be performed at a certain concert to be given shortly in London I want your symphony for that purpose Will it suit you to take a sum down give up all claims to the music and never say another word about the transaction?'

Oh said Mr Doublebass and his daughter saw the effort it cost his to preserve his composure 'Might I inquire in the first place to whom I am to sell the authorship?'

Really I don't see that that is material, said Mr Smart

Then I presume Mr Soapley Smart is about to make his debut as a classical composer Mr Doublebass' lip curled perceptibly as he spoke

'Upon my word Doublebass you are too hard on me" said Smart 'You force me to speak more plainly than I intended but first I must have your promise that what I am about to mention shall never go beyond ourselves '

Mr Doublebass inclined his head in silence His daughter did the same

You are aware ' said Mr Smart "that it is my privilege to be on somewhat intimate terms professionally speaking, with a certain exalted personage who honors our art with his patronage The concert I mentioned just now is in aid of the funds of a well known educational institution In order to give eclat to the entertainment my exalted friend not only promised to perform a solo on the trombone his favorite instrument but has offered to compose an orchestral symphony specially for the occasion Of course, the offer was accepted As you are aware, my exalted friend dabbles a little in composition He had however never attempted anything on so ambitious a scale as a symphony, and the task proved more arduous than he had anticipated He himself, with his usual modesty, was the first to acknowledge this Hang the symphony, he said to me at last even exalted personages use strong language occasionally Miss Doublebass—Hang the symphony I'm sick of it They'll have to do without it' I ventured respectfully to suggest that this would cause grievous disappointment tickets having been already sold Well, look here, Soapy,' he said—that is a pleasant way in which the great one is pleased to address your humble servant occasionally you must write the confounded thing I demurred as far as I could but he was firm and in the end I had to undertake the job Now I can be candid with you Doublebass and I frankly admit that the task was not at all in my line I don't profess to go in for high art, you know I was at my wits' end, when I luckily thought of you and the symphony you had mentioned to me, and here I am Now I think you will see how the land lies '

'Really' said Mr Doublebass, who had listened to the foregoing narrative with a grim smile, that is a very great honor you have planned for me Now, when do you want the symphony?"

'At once we ought to be practicing it now

'I asked because, as you intimated, a few alterations will no doubt be necessary, and they can not be made in a minute '

You relieve me of a difficulty, Doublebass That is the very thing I wanted to say I can give you till Saturday, but not later It must be made shorter, you know and lighter, my dear sir, lighter "

'I understand said Mr Doublebass "Something between Beethoven and Offenbach

'Precisely—the very thing!' said Mr Smart and after a few more words as to terms he hurried off to the cab which was waiting for him

You are not really going to do this father? inquired Maggie, when the visitor was gone She had listened to the interview in some bewilderment and was quite taken aback at the result

Why not my dear?' Better be out of the world than behind the times," said the old gentleman evasively Accordingly he set to work with very little delay, and kept hard at it for the next three or four days working far into the night By Saturday the revised edition of the symphony was completed and duly forwarded to Mr Smart

* * * * * *

Within a week or two advertisements of the approaching concert to which Mr Smart had alluded were appearing in newspapers and on boardings and excited no little interest in fashionable and musical circles It was to be conducted by Sir Boyler Potts who had the general superintendence of all the arrangements and who besides being a musician of some talent had made more money by his operas and oratorios than all the great masters put together The Lady Anne Dante was to sing one of her own songs and two prima donnas of world wide reputation were also announced, though in much smaller type than Lady Anne who had a line to herself Lastly came the announcement of the trombone solo by H R H Prince Albert of Gotten Penschen and the new and original symphony by the same gifted personage The prince of Gotten Penschen's devotion to art dated from the days when, as an infant he had first delighted the homely German court in which he was born by his astonishing rendering of nursery songs upon a mouth organ He was distantly connected by birth with the English royal family and had greatly improved the connection by marriage—which last fact coupled with his musical talents had at once demonstrated his fitness for an important command in the British navy This post H R H (he had been elevated to a rank of a royal highness by royal warrant) had now held for some years and during that time had shown a zeal in bringing the refining influence of music to bear on the British sailor which had greatly raised him in the public estimation With such an artistic feast as the programme promised it is not surprising that the tickets went off most satisfactorily The prevailing curiosity about the prince's symphony was artfully stimulated by occasional paragraphs in the columns of the papers which supplied fashionable intelligence Many of these were written by Mr Soapley Smart who did a good deal of light literary work and was moreover the musical critic of that highly fashionable journal The St James Advertiser By this means an impression was widely diffused that H R H the prince of Gotten Penschen had produced a work which would at once elevate him to a position beside the great classical composers of his fatherland

The night of the concert duly arrived. The hall was densely packed with an audience representing the elite of London society as well as of the world of art and letters. The entertainment fully justified all the expectations which had been formed concerning it, and provoked the greatest enthusiasm The prince of Gotten Penschen was reserved for the second part and when his royal highness appeared after the interval with his trombone, he was received with a perfect ovation Sir Boyler Potts had composed a tasteful little morceau for the occasion and the prince, though a little nervous got through it very creditably, with the exception of a trifling hitch when the august performer had to stop and perform an operation sometimes necessary with the instrument in question The symphony came almost immediately afterward The opening movement (allegro) was listened to with rapt attention and followed by a volley of applause The next movement (andante con moto) and the third (scherzo) created a still more favorable impression But the climax was reached with the fourth movement which opening with a quaint moderato in a minor key wound up with a rattling presto which completely brought down the house and roused the more demonstrative portion of the audience to the utmost pitch of enthusiasm Amid deafening applause the royal composer came forward and bowed right and left, with a modesty which under the circumstances did him great credit, and the applause continued until Sir Boyler Potts took up his baton and gave the last movement over again

Early the following morning Mr Doublebass who had resisted all the entreaties of his daughter and Mr Smart to be present at the concert sat in his arm chair while Maggie read to him an eloquent critique of the previous night's performance from The St James Advertiser There was a grim smile on the old man's face as his daughter read the following passage In a word his royal highness has given proof of the musical genius of the very highest order In the wealth of thematic ideas, no less than in the mastery displayed in the musical treatment the opening allegro recalls Beethoven in his moments of loftiest inspiration The second movement is characterized by a scholarly tunefulness distinctly suggestive of Mendelssohn The humor of the scherzo was irresistible, and the brilliancy and verve of the finale could have been surpassed by no other master than 'Papa' Haydn while, beyond and above these there runs through the whole work a conception of musical possibilities of which the great masters with all their gifts were hardly capable

Before Maggie had finished there was a sharp knock at the door and Soapley Smart hurried in

'Ah Miss Doublebass, he said 'you have The Advertiser, I see I hope your father is satisfied with that I think I laid it on well But look here, Doublebass, this will amuse you Here's old Toston, of The Morning Telegraph, been having a fling at H R H, and sold himself prettily That shows you what musical criticism is worth ' As he spoke Mr Smart pointed with his finger to a passage in the newspaper which he handed to Mr Doublebass The latter read as follows

"We are not aware whether the 'symphony' by H R H the prince of Gotten Penschen was intended as a musical joke but if so the point appeared to be missed by the majority of the audience The work is apparently founded on a series of music hall and street melodies, though the subjects are worked up with an amount of skill and technical resource for which we should have hardly have given his royal highness credit "

Well?' said Mr Doublebass, handing back the paper

'Don't you think that a pretty piece of impertinence?' asked Smart

On the contrary, I am glad to find that there is one musical critic in London who knows what he is talking about '

How so asked Smart

'Well I can tell you how said Mr Doublebass Look here, Mr Soapley Smart you made me one of the most insulting proposals that was ever made to an artist or a gentleman You took me for a knave as well as a fool It so happened that I wanted money very badly, and I thought I saw a way of being even with you See here is the rough scheme of the prince of Gotten Penschen's precious symphony The principal subject of the allegro which reminds you so of Beethoven is Pop Goes the Weasel' thinly disguised in modern orchestration The theme of the Mendelssohnian adagio, stripped of certain variations and the embellishments may be known to you under the title Wait Till the Clouds Roll By The scherzo and presto are founded respectively upon these inspired melodies 'Tiddy fol lol and The Masher King' worked up with new matter and entirely original orchestral effects Now who has been made a fool of Mr Smart

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Luckily for Mr Doublebass Sir Boyler Potts had been one of the few who had discovered the real nature of the prince's symphony Having a keen appreciation of a joke and being struck by the musical merits of the composition he had inquired and learned from Soapley Smart the real facts as to the authorship Very shortly after the concert Sir Boyler found an opportunity of making Mr Doublebass' acquaintance with the result that the little gentleman's original symphony was soon after performed in public and achieved a success nearly as great and quite as genuine as that of the prince of Gotten Penschen London Truth

Habit of Disregarding Proper Sleep

In persons of vigorous constitution the habit of disregarding proper sleep and the insomnia which springs from it may go on for several years without any apparent bad effect In time however it is certain to produce its natural consequences The first indications of danger are irritability of mind and feverish excitement followed by depression pallor and deficiency of appetite These are succeeded by fits of unconsciousness in which the affected person positively sleeps and it may be sleeps soundly without himself knowing the fact In this way he gets rest which for a little while may give a certain measure of relief but soon the nervous failure increases and one of two results succeeds He either falls into a sleep which becomes a coma and terminates in death or he continues sleepless unless artificially made to sleep by narcotics and with progressing failing powers sinks into paralysis, to succumb from that affection In exceptional cases the insomnia makes a fair recovery —Field of Diseases

Women in the Danish Banks.

The National bank in Denmark has for a long time employed women as clerks (tellers) The Landsmand Bank has now followed this good example, and at the capital and in three of its branches four ladies are now employed When thoroughly trained they will be taken as assistants —Demorest's Monthly

Over 10 000 olive trees have been set out this year in the Santa Ynez valley Santa Barbara county California.

In sunstroke, try artificial respiration

A NEW ARM FOR A MAN.

A SURGICAL OPERATION THAT WILL PROBABLY PROVE SUCCESSFUL

A Case of Exceeding Interest Patching a Large Surface of Exposed Flesh with Pieces Cut from Various Parts of the Patient's Body

A surgical operation of exceeding interest is being performed at the Hahnemann hospital It is one of those cases that can not be finished at a single sitting but which must be carried through various stages in a progressive way from the beginning to the end It was begun about three weeks ago and from the present medical indications there is little doubt that the result desired will be attained

The patient is Christopher Doll a German 31 years old He received his injury accidentally He was extremely fond of smoking a pipe One evening about nine months ago he was enjoying a quiet smoke in his room and while reading fell asleep In some way the pipe which he still held in his mouth was overturned and the hot ashes fell from the bowl upon his shirt sleeves and set it on fire It smoldered for a time and burned several small holes in the sleeve and then it burst into a flame and the sleeper was aroused The fire had reached his flesh, and he tore at the burning cloth madly He rolled over on the floor and finally the flame was extinguished His right arm from the wrist to the shoulder was terribly burned and it looked as if the flesh could be scraped from the bone without trouble The pain was intense and from the nature of the wound it appeared as if the arm would have to be amputated close to the shoulder Private medical treatment was tried for a time but as it did not accomplish any material benefit Doll went to a hospital He remained under constant care for two months

LARGE SURFACE OF EXPOSED FLESH

By this time the forearm had healed leaving a frightful scar with the cicatricial tissue drawing in every direction Despite the most persevering treatment the upper portion of the arm from the elbow to the shoulder could not be healed The patient went to several hospitals but could get no relief There was such a large surface of exposed flesh in the wound that the pus formation was unusually large, and the antiseptic precautions which were taken did not prevent the absorption of the poisonous matter into the patient's system Thus a dangerous condition of blood poisoning was set up He grew pale and emaciated lost his strength and courage, and when he was admitted to the Hahnemann hospital about two months ago, he was a living skeleton with hardly muscular power enough left to raise his hand

As soon as he was admitted measures were taken to stamp out the blood contamination, which were eventually successful, and the patient began to recover strength When he got strong enough and his body was sufficiently free from the incidental disease, it was determined by the attending surgeon to make a new upper arm from the flesh of the patient's body, and to heal up the wound by covering it over with healthy tissue At first small pieces of flesh were taken from various parts of his body and placed in different spots upon the raw shoulder as a matter of experiment to determine whether the flesh could be successfully grafted The experiment was successful The little pieces of flesh and skin united and made little oases on the diseased shoulder These minor operations were performed several days apart, and without the use of of any other than a local anæsthetic Everything had gone on so well that about ten days ago it was determined to begin the more important part of the operation, which consisted in covering up a large portion of the arm at one time with flesh

HOW THE ARM WAS PATCHED

The patient was first put under the influence of an anæsthetic Then all the cicatricial tissue upon the upper arm was scraped with a knife until it bled profusely and was entirely raw While the arm was held away from the body two incisions were made about three inches apart running upward from the small ribs for about seven inches At the lower end of these incisions a crosscut was made and then the strip of flesh was dissected up from the ribs the full length of the incision making a flap This was left united at the upper end Then the patient's arm was brought close to his side and this loose flap was laid over on the raw flesh on the arm and carefully pressed and fitted into position When this had been done there was still a large section of the upper back arm remaining uncovered Two incisions were again made similar to the first two running up and down the upper portion of the side of the back The flesh was thick at this point and permitted a free dissection While the upturned flesh was yet palpitating with the heart influence it was put over the bleeding surface of the arm and fitted into place Then the two flaps were securely fastened into position by long bands of sticking plaster while linen bands were run over the lower portion of the arm and around the abdomen and back and interlaced so that all motion of the arm was stopped After the work was done had been covered with an antiseptic dressing the ether cone was taken off the patient's face and he soon recovered consciousness He suffered little from shock and the hemorrhage was comparatively slight

The arm was kept securely fastened to his side for a week and the wound was carefully dressed every day At first it was not thought that the flesh from the side would adhere to the flesh of the arm but after two days it [illegible] [illegible] grew as if it belonged there and little shoots of new flesh branched out in every direction Two days [illegible] the ends uniting the two flaps to the body were severed the loose portions were drawn around the under side of the arm the edges trimmed so as to make a perfect fit and were then united with sutures In continuing the operation it will be necessary to alter the shape of the flaps in some places Only little sloughing has taken place and this has had no injurious effect The arm now presents a comparatively natural appearance The biceps muscle will be somewhat restricted until it gets used to the new covering and then it will move as freely as ever The patient is physically strong since the pain subsided and his health has improved perceptibly [illegible] [illegible] that he will be able to leave the [illegible] in about a week with a new arm New York Tribune

Will Not Sell Out Cheap

The duke of Edinburgh wants $7 500 000 for his reversionary rights in the duchy of Saxe Coburg Gotha

It is said that about 10 000 000 crowns yearly are sent home to the fatherland by Swedes dwelling in America

INSOMNIA IN THE AGED

Some of Its Causes Symptoms and Treatment [illegible] Various Remedies

In [illegible] on this subject Dr [illegible] that he had found the [illegible] in the text books up [illegible] to [illegible] was very [illegible] In many it was not frequent [illegible] the aged but when it was present it was sometimes very intractable [illegible] due to insomnia and [illegible] The thickened arterial walls and the high arterial tension from the contracted kidneys and similar states which [illegible] would indicate [illegible] supply to the brain was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] what it might be was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] was true of [illegible] [illegible] it was [illegible] [illegible] In the [illegible] the aged so as to [illegible] with the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in which the [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] Dr [illegible] [illegible] bromide and chloral [illegible] the results of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with cannabis [illegible] [illegible] Clinical society

Bismarck Narrow Escape

An illustration how great is [illegible] [illegible] Prince [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] Anhalt [illegible] duchy The request was complied with [illegible] the [illegible] was that of Otto von Bismarck zu Schönhausen

Bismarck and [illegible] were ordered to present themselves [illegible] [illegible] of the duchy but [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] town

Next day [illegible] the journey but [illegible] hours after the [illegible] [illegible] Pall Mall [illegible]

A Digression at an Auction Sale

I was [illegible] at an auction of [illegible] [illegible] up and something [illegible] to the auctioneer [illegible] his desk and announced

Gentlemen Mr [illegible] has just discovered that he has lost his pocket book [illegible] It contains [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of 100 [illegible]

A fat man with a solemn [illegible] replied promptly

A hundred and [illegible]

'One ten [illegible] voice,

Fifteen

Twenty

They had run it up to $500 when owner of the pocket [illegible]

Hold on [illegible] no profit in that There's only 400 in the pocket book and the papers [illegible]

Then the business [illegible] was resumed New York Sun

Malaria Exists at Great Altitudes

While malaria has its ordinary habitat in low [illegible] at great elevations On the [illegible] Appennines it is found at a height of [illegible] the sea on the Pyrenees [illegible] Cordilleras 5 000 feet on the [illegible] 400 on the [illegible] of Ceylon [illegible] feet and on the Andes 11 000 feet At present the elevation [illegible] places In Italy [illegible] 1 000 [illegible] of the United [illegible] West Indies 1 100 to [illegible] Traveler

When She Feels Real Glad

[illegible] with me Mrs [illegible] neighbor When I [illegible] to church and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to think what a sham it was that I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] when I put on my new [illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] I make every woman [illegible] [illegible] I [illegible] Chicago Ledger

Organs of Smell In Insects

In an extensive series of experiments [illegible] [illegible] vertebrates [illegible] the only organs [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] Arkansaw Traveler

A Rich Item of the Term

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Truth

The Paintings in the Paris Salon

It is estimated that the pictures sent to the Paris salon this year would if placed in a line [illegible] seven kilometres A minute's examination bestowed on each would take 116 hours

A TRAVELING "AGGREGAT

Professor Brown White Finds an [illegible] ative Audience

FAYETTEVILLE WHICH IS S
IN THE STATE OF ARKANSA

Editor Free Press Sickees is [illegible] opened here last nite with my grand [illegible] gishun to one of the most appreshu[illegible] [illegible] of the sezun The cream of [illegible] was present likewise more or less m[illegible]

The hall had skeercely bin throne [illegible] the populace crowded in and the D[illegible] at once the center of attrackshun [illegible] many of em had never seen a D[illegible] only a few of em had cum prepared [illegible] surprize There was a fat man [illegible] [illegible] who seemed to have [illegible] [illegible] He [illegible] [illegible] a long look and asked

Is he a carniverus animal?

[illegible] [illegible] If there is a [illegible] in the [illegible] Arkansaw [illegible]

To which [illegible] the Dodo [illegible]

To the old Whig [illegible]

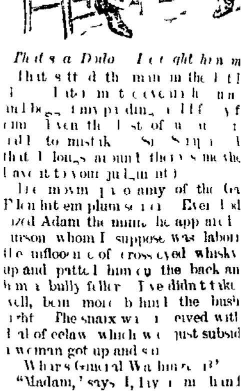
I thort say he [illegible] passed over his brow [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] company with the [illegible]

That's what [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"I don't want to [illegible] a feel [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

At this [illegible] on [illegible]

That's [illegible] says he is an [illegible] has got [illegible]



That's a Dodo I [illegible] him m[illegible]

That's [illegible] the man in the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to mistik [illegible] that I [illegible] I have it to your judgment)

The movin [illegible] company of the [illegible] I then let em plum [illegible] Ever [illegible] ized Adam the minute he appeared [illegible] person whom I suppose was labori[illegible] the influence of cross eyed whisky up and patted him on the back an[illegible] him a bully feller I've didn't take [illegible] well, bein more behind the bush [illegible] right The snaix was [illegible] received with[illegible] [illegible] of eelaw which we just subsid[illegible] a woman got up and s[illegible]

Where's General Washington?"

"Madam,' says I, [illegible] have, the general didn't happen to [illegible] when the day our artist went [illegible] sketch the pictur and as a consol[illegible] visit took with the rest

She [illegible] and sot down [illegible] just then a [illegible] citizen with a p[illegible] no [illegible] hopped up and says

I'll be durned if I believe the[illegible] river with a flatboat on it in the Ga[illegible] I ken!"

I was goin to indulge in a few [illegible] when a feller on the other side of the [illegible] up and said as how there was [illegible] spring over [illegible] [illegible] This seemed sort [illegible] that [illegible] tranquility [illegible] populi [illegible] that's it though I [illegible] dep [illegible] [illegible]

When I [illegible] to [illegible] nology I [illegible] em [illegible] my revenge on [illegible] [illegible] couldn't pass by [illegible] Arkansaw [illegible] around [illegible] Garden of Eden [illegible] his bu[illegible] awhile and then says

[illegible] his family heart [illegible] he could [illegible] wimmin [illegible]

He [illegible] from her [illegible]

Undoubtedly, madam his buzum full of it

He jumped from [illegible] and [illegible] in the swamps

I shall move [illegible] [illegible] two perf[illegible] daily and in [illegible] [illegible] each show at twenty five [illegible]

PROFESSOR [illegible] W[illegible]
[illegible]

Quieting the Old Lady

Once a conductor on the Atlant[illegible] road was much annoyed at the imp[illegible] curiosity of an old [illegible] lady wi[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] spectacles [illegible] [illegible] train stopped [illegible] wanted to know what [illegible] Tired of this interrogation the [illegible] man [illegible] [illegible] When she [illegible] with [illegible] tion he [illegible]

My dear madam the brakeman [illegible] sick at the stomach

Good heavens! [illegible] ejaculated th[illegible] is he extremely ill

The man [illegible]

How do you know [illegible] shrieked [illegible]

Because [illegible] he is throwing up [illegible] —Saw[illegible]

Accomplishments.

Frivolous Mother—I want [illegible] highly accomplished—fit to shine in[illegible] She is only 10 now but she can s[illegible] sweetly Lilian, sing Pull down th[illegible] dear

Cum visitor who is a lady [illegible] not wish Mary Ann to have acc[illegible] ments I want her to have science [illegible] now but she is well along in ph[illegible] Mary Ann Say your bones.

A Peachblow

De Baggs—There [illegible] at that!

Tugsby—That cracked jug

De Baggs Cracked jug Man all[illegible] a fourth century devergue

Tugsby—I wouldn't have it in th[illegible] It's ugly

De Baggs (tiffly —It cost $ 000

Tugsby—The [illegible] — How b[illegible] —Philadelphia Call

Overheard in the Graphic O[illegible]

Debtor—You can't collect that [illegible] sir

Collector N[illegible]

Debtor—No You can't get bloo[illegible] a turnip

Collector [illegible] —Apparen[illegible] neither can I get money out of [illegible] New York Graphic

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MARION WEEKLY STAR.

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THE ARTIST'S LOVE.

"Thank heaven, I am where I'll see no woman's face, except that of my kind old aunt, for the next two months" and Foster Ellis strolled out from the picturesque farm house, hidden by the New Hampshire hills, to smoke a cigar in the orchard. He had been badly treated by one particular woman in town—a woman with blue, bewildering eyes, sweet and shy as the eyes of an infant, and red pouting lips that had smiled on him so often, and then, in the end, had calmly told him that she could not accept him as a lover, but would like him for a friend. They had also mentioned something of the old millionaire, and a slim, beautiful hand had been lifted before him, with a great ring on one white finger that almost blinded him by its flash and glitter.

If you were wealthier, Foster' the beautiful woman had said regretfully and his scornful answer had fallen bitterly from his paling lips.

I would not outbid your purchaser Miss Van Vleet, good day, and the young artist, with heart wounded and bitter, had put by his canvas turning one fair face which he had painted lovingly to the wall, and wrote to his aunt that, if she would receive him, he would gladly spend the summer with herself and husband on the farm. The answer being a delightful welcome, he had come. And now sitting under the orchard shade, he was looking very handsome and very moody and very miserable to the young girl who passed quite near him without being seen by him and who was really worth looking at in her fresh, brown haired, brown-eyed loveliness.

A gloomy knight,' she told herself mischievously "I wonder of what he is thinking? Looks like an artist, too which is a greater compliment than one who can always pay those daubers. I do wonder if my aunt told him I was here"

She approached him silently, but with perfect composure. When at last he looked up he saw her standing near smiling a little looking very pretty in her neat dress of light muslin with the broad hat pushed back from her forehead.

He rose from his seat, regarding her half questioningly, but with something of annoyance in his eyes. He had been congratulating himself on seeing no woman's face here, and behold! the fair face of a woman, or a girl, who was scarcely yet a woman, was there before him in the apple tree shadows.

'I—pardon me," he said slowly, and he flung away the cigar he had taken from his lips.

No, pardon me for disturbing you," she replied, smilingly "And pardon me again for knowing who you are, while perhaps you do not know who I am"

He simply bowed, looking the least bit bored. What was it to him who she was. She smiled again, noting the brief expression.

You are Mr Foster Ellis, whose name has been on auntie's lips for the last two weeks almost constantly. And I—' with a touch of sly malice, "am her niece, Bella Grant of whom you have never heard, and who 'demurely, am here on a visit as well as yourself"

An annoyance he could not conceal went over his fine face, the girl saw it and smiled.

I'll shorten my visit," he thought aloud he said "I am most happy to learn that you are spending your summer here Miss Grant. Are we—are you my cousin?"

You're not at all happy over it," she told herself shrewdly, but she smiled once more.

"We are not relatives at all Mr Ellis. Ah, here is Auntie," as that lady approached them from the direction of the farm house to summon them in to the early supper, and to bid them, in her cordial, warm hearted way, amuse themselves as best pleased them, while they remained at the farm.

'I'll not remain long," Foster told himself with a glance over the flowers and strawberries, at Bella's bright face—a glance which she caught.

There's something wrong with our young friend the artist,' she told herself while chatting with her uncle about the farm the hay, the recent rains, the young pony about to be broken.

I am going to the fields with you to morrow, Uncle Hiram," she said presently. Will you let me rake hay there, as that fair Maud Muller of Whittier's did? And then may I ride back with you on the great heap of it when you draw it in?"

'A hoyden!" Foster told himself in disgust, but Uncle Hiram promised all she desired. Then he asked the young man if he would like to go to the harvest field with them.

'You were wanting the invitation were you not?" Bella asked pleasantly, looking as innocently as possible "You will be most happy to go, will you not Mr Ellis?"

I think I will sketch a very fine view below, near the lake," he said coldly 'I noticed it as I came"

"Æsthetic!" Bella thought "I wonder if he can be won from his stilts but I intend to enjoy myself, artist or no artist, civil or not civil"

The following day she did go to the hay field, and Maud Muller never looked half so fair as this child of the city in her pretty muslin, her broad hat with a rake in her pretty hands, laughing delightfully at the novelty of her occupation and when the great hay wagon wound its way along the fields toward the barn, drawn by a pair of lazy eyed oxen she sat like a fairy among the sweet-scented hay, very far up indeed and Foster, who had finished his sketch, and was watching them from where he stood leaning over a low wall, so admired the picture she made there that he made another sketch, of herself the heavy load of hay, the farm hand almost hidden in it as he guided the oxen, Uncle Hiram's ruddy face, beside the fresh, laughing one of the girl. She saw him, and to his annoyance, knew what he was doing for, as she passed she called out pleasantly

You may call it 'Maud's return from the hayfield,' Mr Ellis," and he found himself constrained to smile.

That evening she begged her aunt to let them have supper out under the apple trees in the orchard, and she coaxed Foster to help her arrange the table there which he found himself doing with a sort of enjoyment. When at last she ran away for a moment and returned with a bowl filled with scarlet and white roses which she placed in the center of the table he gave her a glance of smiling commendation.

'You have artistic tastes Miss Grant' he said. She laughed, perfectly unembarrassed.

The result of recent association with an artist,' she said saucily.

The evening meal over, and both aunt and uncle went off, the one to oversee the feeding and watering of the stock the other to direct the servant with regard to the morrow, and, in the tender hush of summer gloaming these two young people sat chatting in the orchard. At length far below, a plaintive note went floating out, reaching them faintly [illegible] shadows grew denser the calm of [illegible] hour was about [illegible] asked Bella quite suddenly if she would sing something for him. It was simply because the old pain the old bitterness [illegible] the old heartache were upon him and he did not care to talk.

Yet when the young voice stole softly through the silence clear subdued thrilling with power full of wordless tenderness he found every note so sweet that he forgot all haunting memories in listening.

She sung first the song from Moore dedicated to the sorrowing love of young Emmet whose young heart was slowly breaking while it turned from the homage of her many lovers. Then she sung still sweetly and more clearly her voice ringing out in musical command "My [illegible] castle
To arms to arms and man the bark
For Scotland's Queen's be a wonder mark."

Was this the hoyden whom he had seen riding home in the sunset from the hay field. Why even Miss Van Vleet had not so sweet a voice. And he looked more closely at her as [illegible] in the deepening twilight. How fair and how young [illegible] she looked sitting in the low rustic chair her hands lying idly in her lap. Surely she had less beauty than the woman he loved but would he like that other woman all her youth her beauty all that God had given her even to her heart's best love for the gold of a withered millionaire? He told himself no and he told himself also that as all women were not so fair so all women were not so cold and heartless as that one who had trifled with his love.

That night he sat long at his window watching the moon rise slowly from a bed of clouds and [illegible] with the whippoorwill notes seemed the echo of a girlish voice, sweet and clear and soft as a mother's above her infant's cot.

I think I'll stay [illegible] I first intended he said slowly. A girl like that well I needn't mind her.'

But he did mind her more and more as the days went by. He found himself looking for her thinking of her listening to her with a new delight and when at last in the latter part of August a telegram summoned him back to town he went to her where she sat reading in her favorite nook in the orchard and before he had left it he had asked her that their lives might be joined forever. There were many things in the eyes she lifted to his love among them, and a touch of fear.

You have loved before she said to him. You had come here to forget. Are you sure—are you have forgotten?

"You have taught me that a true heart is worth more than a bitter memory, my love, he said to her and if the past was still remembered with anything but the old sadness, I do not think I could do it. I am going to—for I am going to tell you all about it, Bella.

And when she had heard she laid her head on his bosom with a happy laugh.

"You could not love such a woman," she whispered 'I have no fear now. Yes I love you, I will be your wife.

In the autumn they were married simply and quietly, at the farm house which Bella had not left and then Foster learned first that he had won an heiress, the belle of B——.

They spent the winter in Rome and the young artist proved himself possessed of talents. Once, in the studio of one of Rome's great masters a beautiful lady passed them on the arm of an old unpleasant looking man and the lady bowed her fair head to Foster who simply bowed his in return.

She is lovely. Who is she? Bella asked and her husband smiled down at her with clear, frank eyes as he answered.

She is Mrs Larison now. She was a Miss Van Vleet. That is her husband." And the wife smiled back without a fear.

Mary L Preston in Philadelphia Call

At the Dinner of 'The Gourmands'

There is a Philadelphia club called 'The Gourmands' and it is said to be rightly named. Its last annual dinner was eaten the other night and was supposed to be served in the Greek style. Everything was served whole and as natural as possible. Goldfish were passed around alive in glass globes and soon after served with their scales on. A young wild boar, cooked, but lifelike adorned the center of the table; several possums looking very lifelike in their furry pelts, stood around until devoured. One of the novelties was a pie of baked blackbirds—Chicago Herald

Sedan Chairs Used at Bath

Sedan chairs that for the last thirty years have been altogether unknown in Bath are again being introduced. The advantages of hot bathing for invalids are greatly increased if the patient can be carried home well packed immediately after a bath. Sedan chairs are found more suitable for this purpose than are the [illegible] the Bath chairs that for some years have entirely displaced them. London W[illegible]

The Increased Consumption of Opium

In Europe and North America the consumption of opium is increasing at a rate that leaves no doubt that the besetting sin of the Flowery Kingdom has infected the Caucasian race. Dr Bischoff of [illegible] estimates that in western Europe the quantum sold to retail customers exceeds not less than twenty six times any amount that could possibly be credited to medical prescriptions. Dr Felix L Oswald

WHERE OYSTERS GROW.

THE VALUABLE DEPOSITS OF CHESAPEAKE BAY AND TRIBUTARIES

An Increase in the Magnitude of the Oyster Industry—Three Varieties of the Bivalve—Supply of Seed Oysters for Europe—"Shucking"

The oyster industry of the Chesapeake peninsula when considered in its several branches of planting dredging, tonging and packing, is something wonderful. It has expanded immensely during the past ten years. It was in 1857 that the nucleus of this great industry was formed at Seaford Del by a company of capitalists from Fairhaven, Conn. At that period the business was principally that of canpicking and canned oysters commanded ready sale throughout the north and east. Previous to this time the rich and valuable oyster deposits of the Chesapeake bay and its tributaries covering an area of marine territory of about 400 square miles were comparatively undeveloped. Now with a largely increased demand for this as an article of food, with the introduction of improved appliances for facilitating the taking of the bivalve from its natural element and preparing it in various forms for the market—canned, steamed, pickled and tubbed—with a radical change in the whole system of operations, and with the augmented water and rail facilities for cheap and rapid transportation, each recurring season witnesses a very perceptible increase in the magnitude of the industry.

THREE VARIETIES OF THE BIVALVES

Of the three varieties existing along the Atlantic coast those abounding in the Chesapeake bay are known as Ostrea Virginiana or southern oyster. They are said to be hardier, develop more rapidly, are more prolific and more tenacious of life than the European varieties. Though small they are held in special favor on account of richness of flavor and are preferred to the larger oyster on account of their adaptability for stewing purposes. They have acquired a wide reputation abroad, as is evidenced in the enormous quantities that annually find their way to the other side of the ocean. When it became apparent that the oyster "farms" in foreign waters were becoming rapidly depleted, the idea of introducing seed oysters from the Chesapeake bay to recuperate them was suggested. Its practicability was seriously questioned, but recent experiments have dissipated doubts, and have demonstrated that the American oyster can be safely transplanted and propagated. As a result of the success of the experiment Europe has drawn heavily for her supply upon the resources of American bays and rivers, particularly the Chesapeake, until there are apprehensions that with the constant drain to meet, the increased demand for home consumption and home trade to furnish seed for local waters and to keep up the supply for foreign markets, many of the natural beds will become extinct.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary fecundity of the oyster, the young do not develop with that rapidity to make the beds sufficiently productive to maintain an inexhaustible supply of merchantable oysters. It is estimated that a healthy spawn is capable of producing about 1 000 000 spat, or young, but the multitude of perils which these helpless, fragile atoms of marine life encounter from the time they "take to rock"—i e, settle down on the beds—until they reach maturity, such as meteorological influences, ravages from the relentless star fish and periwinkle leave but a small per cent of the marketable oyster in the bed. Added to these the manifold local causes which conspire to assist in depleting the Chesapeake waters and the grounds for this apprehension become manifest.

THE SIMPLE PROCESS OF "SHUCKING"

There are two grades of oysters, known as the straights taken indiscriminately from the bin, and the selects or those carefully culled. The process of shucking is simple and an expert and industrious shucker will average about fifty gallons per day of ten hours. The hammer and knife are in general use though here they open the oyster by a process called "stabbing," using a thin steel blade about two and a half inches in length, and, instead of cracking the nib or the large end of the oyster on the "bank" with the hammer they insert the blade on the side almost in a line with the adductor muscle, and by a dexterous twist of the wrist throw off one valve, leaving the oyster whole and solid in the other. Most of the packing houses pay 15 cents per gallon, Crisfield shuckers receive 20 cents per gallon.

By a careful computation there are employed in and about the numerous packing establishments in the Peninsula 8 000 men, women and children, white and colored in the various capacities of shucking, washing transferring and packing. There are 300 boats called orphans or boats that are not regularly engaged in the business but which are held in reserve in cases of emergency. There are 1 000 dredging vessels averaging twenty five tons each with 4 000 canoes and smaller craft which tong about six bushels each daily during the season which usually begins about the 15th of September and extends to the last of April. Atmospheric influence [illegible] or a sudden transition from extreme cold to a protracted warm sultry spell of weather is disastrous to the business and a phenomenal thunderstorm in February is death to the oyster. There are afloat on these boats 15 000 men and boys. The aggregate capital represented in the several establishments is $1 000 000. The product for the year 1884 was 16 000, [illegible] bushels with a shipment approximating [illegible] 000 000 gallons —Cor Chicago Herald

How Cut Glass Is Produced

Cut glass is produced by first grinding the surface with wheels of stone, then with pieces of iron covered with sharp sand [illegible] finally with brush wheels covered with putty. A small stream of water [illegible] kept running on the glass to reduce the heat of friction —Scientific Journal

Something About the Chinese Language.

Chinese is a queer language. All its words are only one syllable long. But the sounds in the Chinese language are not very many, some 465 at most, and their written language contains about 8 000 pictures, each representing a thing or idea. And these pictures must be committed to memory. This is hard work, and not even the wisest Chinese professor can learn them all. But now comes a difficulty. For, of course, where there are so many words and so few sounds, many different words have to be called by the same sound. How then are they to tell, when several different things have exactly the same name, which of them is meant?

We have such words. For instance, there is Bill, the name of a boy, and bill, the beak of a bird, there is bill, an old weapon, and bill, a piece of money, there is bill, an article over which legislatures debate, and bill, a claim for a payment of money, besides bills of exchange, bills of lading, and so forth. But Chinese is full of such words of a single syllable, yen, for instance, which, like bill, means many very different things. So they choose a number of little pictures, and agree that these shall be used as "keys" Each "key" means that the sign or signs near which it stood belonged to some large, general set of things, like the things of the vegetable mineral, or animal kingdom, forests, mines, or seas, air, or water, or persons, like gods or men. It was like the game called throwing light, in which you guess the article by narrowing down the field until certain what it is.

But there Chinese writing stopped short, thousands of years ago. There it is to-day. There are now 214 of these "keys" and, by intense application, Chinamen learn to use their method with surpising quickness and success —St Nicholas.

A Free and Fearless Bill-Poster.

The New York bill poster has, from time immemorial, been a free and fearless rover of the highways. In the days when Harry Paulding, now dead and gone, had his headquarters in a Park Row cellar and drank champagne as a beverage, with a paste barrel for a throne, these pill posters' wars were incessant. A truce was called to one only to have another begin. At first Paulding had a monopoly of the business. He made a mint of money and tyrannized the whole community that had to deal with him. Then opposition started up, and he set to work to fight it. The streets were full of war and the police courts kept busy fining the contending factions. Now and then one would commit a murderous assault, and on at least one occasion that I recall a murder was scored against the adhesive guild.

A prominent theatrical manager having got into a quarrel with Paulding woke one morning to find the whole front of his residence, from cornice to pavement, covered with show bills. Even the windows were pasted over, and it cost him a handsome sum to clear the defilement away. In another instance, Paulding's brigade pasted the sidewalks of Broadway and Fifth avenue with dodgers that did not wear off for a week. When his men were in a merry mood they made nothing of decorating the backs of private carriages with advertising paper, and once they adorned a church front with the bills of a burlesque troupe —New York News "Babble"

He Wanted To Be a Reporter.

Time and again the assertion has been printed that George W Vanderbilt wished to become a newspaper reporter, and I do not imagine that readers generally gave entire credence to it. Nevertheless, it was true. George is the youngest son of the late William H Vanderbilt, and a sharer in the estate to the extent of about $30,000,000. At the time of his effort to get into journalism he was only an heir prospective, and he had strong desire to do something on his own account. 'I had an idea that I could become a writer," he said, a few days ago, "and I believed that there was no better schooling to be had than as a reporter. I fancied that I would like the work, too. I went down to The Sun office and talked with Mr Dana about it, and he said he would give me a place on the staff on the same footing as the other reporters. That was what I wanted. But father opposed it. He believed I wouldn't get a fair, square opportunity—that the public would be censorious of my work, no matter how careful my employers might be to deal with me exactly as with the others. So I gave it up, and it is too late now"

What he meant, as I construed it, was that, having acquired an enormous fortune, it is too late, for him to accomplish anything else. He has a marked literary bent, however, and is apt to write a book sooner or later. George Vanderbilt is the wealthiest bachelor in America —New York Cor Galveston News

A Widow's Extraordinary Devotion.

"If you want to learn what extravagance is," said an employe of a Chicago cemetery, "just look into the monument business. Some of these stone men are very sleek talkers, and if they once get hold of a man, he is, as a rule, a goner. The desire to pay respect to the memory of deceased relatives by erecting handsome monuments is a laudable one, and it is also quite general, but sometimes it finds most extravagant expression. For instance, there is a shaft in our cemetery erected by a widow over her husband's grave which costs about $450, and which the poor woman is gradually paying for out of her earnings at the wash tub"—Chicago Herald

Decline in the Ostrich Feather Trade.

The ostrich feather trade in Tripoli declined so rapidly last year as to eventually end in a complete collapse, and the consequences it entailed proved disastrous to all connected with the business and more or less prejudicially affected other branches of trade. As a result, trade with the interior of Africa is said to be suspended, people hesitating to risk their diminished capital in enterprises to remote parts of the continent before some signs of amelioration in the feather trade manifest themselves, and as yet there are none such —Chicago Times

In India there are four female missionaries to every 1,000,000 of women.

STAGE REALISM.

REMARKABLE THEATRE PERFORMANCE IN DENVER'S EARLY DAY.

The "Siege of Lucknow" Produced in Fine Style—The Night When the Soldiers Had the House—Touching Off a Loaded Cannon.

At Denver, in the winter of 1863, the principal theater was run under the management of John Langrish. At that time some 6 000 Union soldiers were stationed there. The soldiers took great interest in the theatre, and were its principal, or at least its most enthusiastic, patrons. Every night the house was crowded—particularly the gallery—with soldiers. To please the boys in blue, Mr Langrish put on the 'Siege of Lucknow" Both men and officers took great interest in the piece. They were determined that it should be produced in fine style. The soldiers made a lot of bombs to be used in the fort scene, the officers allowed two cannon to be brought to the theater for use in the fort and about fifty men armed with muskets volunteered to act as the attacking army of natives. For two or three days previous to the night when the piece was to be presented there were more soldiers at work on the stage and about the theatre than helpers of any other kind. They bossed all the warlike preparations.

THE FIRING WAS TERRIFIC

The great night came, and the soldiers had the house. Not only were they in the gallery, but they also filled the seats and the lower floor. Mrs Langrish took the part of Jessie Brown. When the attack was made on the fort the firing was terrific. Then bombs began to fall into the fort. These were balls of yarn containing gun powder. In order to produce good effect the reckless soldiers who made these imitation bomb shells had placed in each nearly half a pound of powder. They made a report as loud as the largest China bombs. The bombs made it mighty hot for poor Jessie Brown. In less than half a minute her dress was on fire in two or three places, and everybody expected to see her beat a retreat. But those with her in the fort smothered her burning dress and she stood her ground.

The supposition was, among the people of the theatre, that the cannon was not loaded. The priming of the pieces was to be flashed, and a drum was to be struck to imitate the report. But some soldier had slipped into one of the cannon a cartridge containing about two pounds of powder. When those in the fort began to reply to the fire of the attacking party this cannon was touched off, and it blew a hole through the side of the theatre nearly eight feet square. This excited the soldiers in front, and those in the gallery began firing their revolvers up into the ceiling, while those below turned loose into the floor. In a few seconds the whole place was so full of powder-smoke that one could hardly breathe or see. The lights presented the appearance of street lamps seen through a dense fog. The excuse that the soldiers afterwards made for riddling the floor and ceiling was that all was so much like a real battle that they forgot where they were, and so began firing before they realized what they were about. That night all "the boys in blue" felt that they got the full worth of their money —Salt Lake Tribune.

Beating a "Three Card Monte" Man.

The confederate, of course, took the occasion of the operator's turn of his head to bend up a corner of the right card, wink at the group, and thus seemingly open the way to a sure thing. In the ordinary course somebody would have bet on the card and lost for the expert handler would have straightened that card and bent another. But there was a variance from usage, and the rogue was delighted by hearing two men say that they wished to bet simultaneously. Their $10 apiece was put in the hands of one of the party, along with $20 from the gambler, who felt certain that he couldn't be defrauded if he won.

Now, consider the situation for an instant. One of the three cards lying face downward would win $20. To a dead certainty it was not that which had its corner twisted. The gambler may have doubted if such opponents would be fooled by that familiar trick, but he doubtless reasoned that, at the worst, his chances would be even in case one of the other cards should be selected. But his fatal mistake was in letting two bets be made at once. "I'll take this card' and one visitor picked up an unbent card. "And I'll have this,' said the other, also avoiding the marked card, 'and we'll go out to a fun supper with the $20, eh?' So they did, and their merriment was in strong contrast to the gloom which settled down on the museum management —"Durandal" in Cincinnati Enquirer

Every One of Them Thanked Him.

A New York young man in three months gave his seat in a car to fifty nine women and girls, young women old women, pretty girls, ugly girls, shop girls, cash girls, rich girls, colored girls, washerwomen, women with diamonds and sealskins, and very shabby women. Every one of these thanked the young man. One grateful old soul gave him a doughnut from her basket, several of them held his satchel and bundles while he stood. He had a cough once and a kind hearted old woman told him what to do for it, and on one occasion a grateful Irishwoman announced to the car that he was 'a gintleman if ever there was wan' Perhaps after all, when a woman neglects to thank a man for giving her a seat it may only be because she fears he may be a 'masher' who will take advantage of her good breeding —Chicago Herald

Well Supplied with Duck Meat.

One of the workmen in the bluestone quarries on the Lackawaxen river keeps his family well supplied with duck meat. He sets ordinary steel rat traps baited with fish, whenever he finds an open shallow spot in the ice bound river. The ducks go there to swim and hunt for food, see the fish under the water, dive for it, and get caught by the head, and a series of duck tails sticking out of the water mark the spots where they died - Chicago Herald.

HOW LINCOLN USED AN ALMANAC.

An Anecdote of "Old Abe" that Has Floated to the Surface.

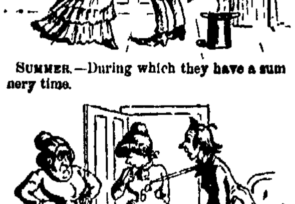
In his boyhood Lincoln was befriended by a family in humble circumstances, who generously aided him in the effort to attain advancement in life. He afterward left his little town to seek a wider sphere of action, with a mental vow to repay the kindness of these unselfish friends. After many years he returned to the scene of his early struggle a successful lawyer, with a name already known to fame. The community was agitated over a murder committed in its midst by one of its townsfolk. Lincoln was requested to undertake the defense, the particulars were furnished him and by a strange interposition of fate he saw the way to repay his early debt—for the accused was the son of his friend. There was little chance to refute the evidence against the young man, for two respected citizens swore to the recognition of his face by the light of the moon as they surprised him at the side of his victim. Lincoln arose to open the defense. He carelessly asked for an almanac, which he saw lying on the clerk's desk, simply for the sake of gaining time, while he sought in his mind for a clew to the sympathies of the jury—a cold, hard set of men with convictions already formed. As he abstractedly flattened the leaves of the book his eyes, even at this trying moment, lit up with something akin to that keen sense of humor so characteristic of him and he began his speech. His words fell like the rattling of artillery upon the astonished, spellbound audience, and without leaving the box the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty" He cleared the prisoner and found the witnesses guilty of perjury.

"But, gentlemen," said Lincoln, years after in telling this story, 'I was careful to keep that almanac in my hand the while, and to carry it out of court with me—there was no other copy there"

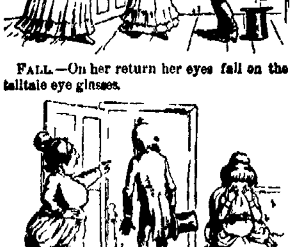
"What had the almanac to do with it?" questioned my friend.

"It was a year old" said Lincoln, with a twinkle of humor in his eye, "and proved conclusively that the moon did not shine on the night of the date of the murder—in the previous year. When the truth leaked out, as of course it did, they could not try the man over again, and wisely concluded that 'silence is golden'"—Atlanta Constitution.

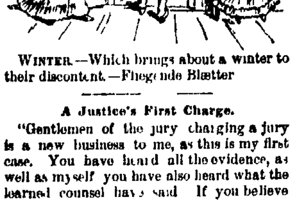
The Telltale Eye Glasses.



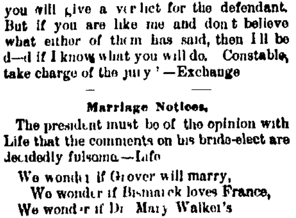
SPRING.—Adolphus thinks he will spring on the old lady an avowal of his love for her daughter, but just then she is called from the room.



SUMMER.—During which they have a summery time.



FALL.—On her return her eyes fall on the telltale eye glasses.



WINTER.—Which brings about a winter to their discontent.—Fliegende Blætter

A Justice's First Charge.

"Gentlemen of the jury charging a jury is a new business to me, as this is my first case. You have heard all the evidence, as well as myself you have also heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff, but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me and don't believe what either of them has said, then I'll be d—d if I know what you will do. Constable, take charge of the jury'—Exchange

Marriage Notices.

The president must be of the opinion with Life that the comments on his bride-elect are decidedly fulsome.—Life

We wonder if Grover will marry,
We wonder if Bismarck loves France,
We wonder if Dr Mary Walker's
Got any Sunday trowsers.

—Tid-Bits

The papers seem inclined to marry the president to that Buffalo girl without the consent of either —Detroit Free Press.

Big Sales and Large Profits.

Mark Twain told a recent visitor that he could print single copies of Gen Grant's book for 55 cents each. The selling price is $3 50

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Our President Married.

The *marriage of President* Cleveland to Miss Frances Folsom occurred at the White House Wednesday *evening*, and though without courtly splendor, pomp and display it was no ordinary event. The highest dignitary of the land bowing his head to receive the blessing of the church in a matrimonial union contrasts with the marriage of the few presidents of the republic that have reached the high position before marriage, and the action blends with American ideas.

In marrying, the president has fulfilled the wishes of all his admirers and the American people generally. The idea of having a bachelor president at the head of American government was repulsive to most people. One who has thus neglected the sex of women ought not to preside *over a country*, the *success of* which is due so greatly to the gentler element of population. *Popular sentiment* suggested his marriage, though it has been long contemplated no *doubt by the* contracting parties.

Since the event has been pronounced the President himself and the bride have endured great trials. The industrious newspaper men have noticed every move that has been made in order to report it. Every action, no matter how simple or commonplace, has been published to the nation. Now that the agony is over the American people, without distinction of race, sex, creed, social class or any other lines, unite in wishing a long life of happiness to the bride and groom who are to make the White House their home. Over fifty millions of *good* wishes are expressed, hoping that the chosen first lady *of the land may do honor* to the first home in the land and be a christian helpmate *to the man holding the highest* office in the gift of the American people.

THE Mansfield News has a $10,000 libel case on hand and thus takes one more step toward the front rank in Journalism. No paper establishes a record until some crank thinks his reputation has been damaged ten thousand times its intrinsic worth, and the complainant usually shows but little common sense in supposing a newspaper man has $10,000 to spend in luxuries.

We notice the name of Representative Young more than once mentioned as the head of the Democratic State ticket this fall for Secretary of State, and again he is named as Col. Cooper's opposition in this district for Congress. This shows a disposition to put B. G. to the front, but a candidacy for either of these offices has little glory attached for its leading *forlorn* hopes.

CLEVELAND, in *getting* married, has proven a benefactor to the press. During *the quiet after the strikes* and *riots there* was little to make a specialty of and the wedding at the White House *has* furnished a theme in which to fill the void with more gush and imagination than has been telegraphed over one subject in many a day.

CAREFUL observation leads to the conclusion that if the democratic statesmen want to kill the Civil Service reform babe and do so without being caught, all they need to do is to place it in a basket at Dan Voorhees' door step and Dan'l will do the great struggle act without any compunction of conscience whatever.

IT has been suggested that Cleveland is too old to marry a young lady in her twenties. So much the better for Frankie. She will, at an early date, have the distinction of being a President's widow, and can easily marry again.

The Diet Treatment of Disease.

Milner Fothergill, one of the most charming and sensible of medical teachers, writes that the advocacy of dietetics in the treatment of disease is the absorbing topic of the present time. To him, indeed, it is the great therapeutic matter of the day, and he *feels* in duty bound to lend it what aid he can. Of the necessity of some systematic teaching of dietetics in a course of medical education no one can entertain a doubt. It is surely as desirable that a medical man be taught how to feed a patient acutely ill as how to prescribe for him If it be a pyrexia, it is as desirable to maintain the strength and call as little as possible upon the bodily reserves as it is to keep down the body temperature. To prevent exhaustion both matters must receive attention. Every sick person is more or less dyspeptic, and dyspepsia requires appropriate and suitable food. Many dyspeptics can alone perform their daily toil by a watchful attention to their food and requirements —Chicago News.

The circus will strike Springer on the 28th, one week from to-day We do not know whether the district court will adjourn over that day or not, to enable the judge and jury, lawyers and officers to attend, but presume it will Over in Tascosa last fall the district judge adjourned court to allow himself and others to attend a horse race, which is a precedent that should govern. The circus is a big thing on wheels, and can't come here *regularly twice a year, as the court does*; therefore, the court should courteously give the circus a show —Colfax County (N M.) Stockman.

A Shoeless and Stockingless People.

The 10,000,000 inhabitants of Mexico use almost entirely home-made boots, shoes, *gaiters, slippers and sandals so far as* they wear any foot covering at all.

Shoes in Mexico are a European introduction, and do not properly belong to the national costume. A large proportion of the population (probably a majority) do not wear shoes at all. The sandal, which is a sole of leather, raw-hide, or woven maguey fiber, *strapped to the bottom of the foot* with strings of the same material, is the only foot covering used by this class of people, and as every man is his own shoemaker, and the climate requires no protection for instep or ankle, the national sandal is doubtless the most economical, comfortable and healthy shoeing that can be *worn in this country.*

In proof of this, the infantry regiments of the Mexican army, armed and equipped otherwise without regard to expense, still wear the leather sandal in preference to shoes, not solely for the sake of economy but because it is considered generally healthier, keeps the feet in better condition, *is more easily* repaired or replaced, and makes easier marching.

The shoe-wearing population of the Republic is chiefly of European origin or descent and such of the Indian population as by education and association have learned to prefer European fashions and modes of living. This class has inherited from their Indian as well as their Spanish ancestors remarkably small, well-modeled feet and hands, upon which they pride themselves considerably; consequently a handsome and elegantly shaped shoe is more esteemed in Mexico than a sound and substantial one, and commands a readier sale. Hence, the cheaper shoes made in the country, if not so strong and durable, are more carefully modeled and several sizes smaller than the average trade shoe made *in the United States.—Boston Commercial* Bulletin.

Curiosities of English Jurisprudence.

A plain man would think that "taking and carrying away" are words easily interpreted; but what is "taking and carrying away?" The cases decided are various. For instance, goods are tied to a string, one end of which was fastened to the bottom of a counter. A man having *taken and carried them as far as* the string permitted, it was decided that he had not "taken and carried away" the goods. Another man, however, removed a parcel from one end of a wagon to other, and it was found that he had "taken and carried away" the goods. A thief, also, who snatched a diamond from a lady's *ear and dropped it in her hair*, was found guilty of "technically taking and carrying away."

There are other curiosities of the law as to things which can not be stolen. Thus it is not larceny to take earth to make an embankment, nor to take water unless it be stored in pipes. Then, it would be larceny *to steal a wild animal kept for food* or profit, but not if it were kept for curiosity or amusement, as in a private menagerie. It has been decided, for instance, that ferrits, even when tamed and salable, can not be subjects of larceny. Mr. Justice Stephen, in his "Digest," says: "Living wild animals, in the enjoyment of their *natural liberty, whether they have* escaped from their confinement or not, are not capable of being stolen," and this would apply, we suppose, to pet monkeys and parrots which have got loose. It even applies, oddly enough, to "game." Although it may be an offense to pursue and kill them, it is not larceny to steal *them when living; but it is* if they are dead, for then they become the property of the owner of the soil on which they die. These seem very fine distinctions.—London Telegraph.

A Very Peculiar Photograph Indeed.

"'Pon my soul, a most remarkable thing," said an amateur photographer recently. "Most peculiar thing I ever knew. I took my instrument to the roof of my house with me the other afternoon—always carry it with me in case of an emergency—*and as I gazed about my* eye was attracted by some linemen adjusting some telegraph wires not far off. There were five wires and a number of men at work at different points. The bodies of the men were black spots against the white sky, and the five wires showed very clearly. The whole thing had the appearance of an enormous clef *of a musical score, the men* being the notes.

"What did I do, you ask? Such an opportunity was not to be missed. I took an 'nstantaneous picture of the thing, as it stood. I'm no musician myself, but when my first proof was finished I took it to a friend who performs on a piano. He placed the photograph *on the music* rack and looked at it for a second. Then we were both astounded. My impression had been truer than I had thought. He played off the first few bars of 'How Paddy Stole the Rope.' I wish it had been some other tune; but it was remarkable, wasn't it?"—Philadelphia Press.

Lubbock's List for Workingmen.

Not a few people are coughing, at Sir John Lubbock's list of books for workingmen. The idea of a working man having leisure to read 100 volumes, leading off with Shakespeare, Gibbon, Grote's Greece, the Koran, and an assortment of the old father's is worthy of just such an impracticable old frump. What does Sir John know of the workingman or his wants? He has spent most of his life in the useful occupation of teaching fleas to draw a tiny cart. The average English workingman could not read the books of Sir John's list through in a lifetime, let alon e study them. To a thorough understanding of Shakespeare alone ten years are necessary. It is just such visionary cranks as he who come to the rescue of the workingman and the poor in their distress. It is the Lubbocks who make the Pecksniffs and the Gradgrinds of this world.—Chicago News "Rambler."

Days for Calling in Washington.

Certain days have been fixed upon at Washington at which certain classes or ranks of society are expected to be at *home to callers* The *families of justices* of the supreme court receive calls upon Mondays, the speaker of the house of representatives, the members of the lower house, and the generals of the army are at home on Tuesdays Wednesday is set aside as cabinet day, and on the afternoon of this day you will find the wife of every *secretary at home* Thursday is set apart for calling upon the families of the vice president and senators, and Friday is the day chosen to receive by all those who are not in official rank. Saturday has heretofore been the day of reception at the White House —Harper's Bazar

Something Better Than a Glass Eye.

French surgeons have succeed in replacing glass eyes with the front part of rabbit's eyes The coat is stitched fast to the ball of a sightless human eye and made to adhere, so that it causes no further trouble and looks as well as the natural eye It is, of course, sightless, but is far less *bother than a glass one.*—Medical Journal.

THE SNAKE CHARMERS.

A TRAVELER DESCRIBES SOME OF THE THRILLING SIGHTS OF TUNIS.

An Ethiopian Serpent Charmer and His Tambourine—A Disgusting but Terrible Scene—A Couple of Wild, Weird Looking Bedouins—A Scared Crowd.

A few days after my arrival in Tunis *there came to the street in front of my* hotel one of those famous serpent charmers which we read so much about, but so seldom, if ever, see. He was a large black Ethiopian, of a forbidding appearance, bareheaded, burly limbs and body scarcely concealed by a dirty bernouse. He had with him a rude tambourine, or drum-head, *covered with the rawhide of some wild* animal, and a black leather bag, the mysterious contents of which were soon to be revealed to me. Seeing that I was watching him with some curiosity, he at once squatted down upon the ground and commenced operations. Untying the bag, he pulled out a dozen or more venomous look*ing snakes of different species, measuring* from three to six and seven feet in length, which he threw down in the middle of the middle of the street, where they lay for a moment in a torpid state as if benumbed with cold. Throwing the bag at a distance, the Ethiopian caught his tambourine, and, jumping to his feet, commenced *dancing a circle around the reptiles*, at the same time beating his rude instrument and singing a wild song—that would have done credit to a North American Indain.

The snakes began at once to show signs of life by pricking up their heads and darting out their forked tongues in an angry manner. Several commenced gliding *away in different directions as if to escape*, but the negro who still kept up his wild music and dancing, would keep them in the circle by pushing them back with his naked feet. Seating himself once more on the ground, in the midst of the crawling reptiles, he caught them in his lap and commenced playing with them as a child would *with so many kittens*; let them crawl over him, up his back and over his shoulders. They would twine themselves around his legs and arms, and crane their ugly looking heads around into his face as if to scan his features. Standing erect once more, with a quick movement, he shook the snakes upon the ground, *and catching up two of the largest*, made a turban of them around his head, tied two or three of the smaller ones ones around his neck for a cravat and two savage looking fellows were wound around his body for a belt. *Having* proceeded thus far in the adorning of his person, he finished his decorations by suspending a five or six-foot "ornament" from each side of his head by fastening its fangs into the lobes of his ears, and, in a like manner, suspended one from his nose and one from his protruding tongue.

The *sight of the serpent charmer*, like the mythological Medusa that guarded the gates of Hesperides, was now not only disgusting but terrible to look upon. He was almost entirely enveloped with the squirming reptiles, whose angry heads, with glistening eyes and forked tongues, were standing out from his body in all *directions. Throwing a piece of Tunisian* coin at the serpent charmer's feet, I was about to turn away from the sickening spectacle when the man motioned me with his hand, as much as to say, "Wait a moment." Unfastening the snakes, which were still clinging to his nose and tongue, he tossed one upon the ground, and the *head of the other he inserted into his huge*, wide, open mouth, as if he was in the act of swallowing it whole. This was more than my already trembling nerves could stand, and I beat a hasty retreat, fully satisfied with what I had seen of snake charming.

A COUPLE OF FAMOUS CHARMERS

A few days after this, however, while walking in the suburbs of the city with the interpreter of the English legation, we came across a crowd of Arabs and Bedouins who were witnessing some kind of a *performance or show that evidently was of* intense interest. Pushing our way through the crowd as best we could to see what the attraction was, we found another seance of snake charming in progress, this time presided over by two wild, wierd looking Bedouins, who the interpreter informed me were the most famous snake charmers *in the regency of Tunis. The ground in* front of them was literally covered with snakes, of a larger and evidently of a fiercer species than those of the Ethiopian. Several of them, the intepreter informed me, were very venomous, and one of the Bedouins, sin a wild, incoherent speech, was eneavoring to impress the fact upon *his audience, and also that their poisonous* fangs had not been extracted. Picking up one of the largest and most savage looking, he would hold it at arm's length and tantalize it until it would spring back and fasten its fangs into his face or some part of his body. Dropping it, he would then draw out from under his bernouse a small box of ointment and *apply* it to the wound, which he claimed, removed all the poisonous effects.

By the time he had finished this part of the entertainment, the crowd of Arabs had largely increased, and had so far encroached upon the open space or ring where the show was being held that there was scarcely room for the snake charmers to move about. To make the crowd fall back, one of the Bedouins adopted a quick and most effective temedy. Grasping the ugly fellow from the ground that had just been exhibiting its savage nature and venomous fangs, and which must have measured eight feet in length, he commenced running around the ring, and thrusting its angry head into the frightened faces of the spectators. The snake was standing out in a horizontal line, and the Bedouin was holding it about two thirds the dis*tance from the head.* As it came *near the* Arabs, it would spring at them with its wide, open mouth, and its eyes flashing fire in a most diabolical manner.

One tall Arab, who was on his knees leaning forward, intensely watching the performance, not getting out of the way in time, was seized by the savage reptile, *which fastened its fangs into the hood of* his bernouse, in close proximity to his nose. The poor fellow, thinking he had received his death wound, commenced howling and yelling in a manner that must have frightened the tigers in the distant jungles. During the excitement that followed, and while the two Bedouins *were endeavoring to unfasten the fangs* of the serpent from the Arab's hood, to which it was clinging with a death-like grip, the other serpents on the ground commenced gliding quickly away in different directions, close at the heels of the panic-stricken Arabs, who were running different ways, as if the poisonous serpents were in full chase, ready to fasten on their bare feet. About the same time the interpreter and myself were walking hastily away in the direction of our hotel, fearing we should be late for dinner.—Henry Ruggles in Boston Herald.

IRONY.

I set my gaze upon two stars that seemed
Twin orbs of equal flame in heaven's dark height,
So close with interblended rays they beamed
From the deep dome of night.

"Oh, happy stars," I thought, "like this to bide
Through mighty changes, lovingly withstood,
Companioned each of each, whate'er betide,
In silver sisterhood!"

Then sounded to my sense, from night's great thrall:
"On either star, this hour, there dwells a race
That knows *not if the other lives at all,*
So vast their sundering space!"

—Edgar Fawcett in Lippincott's.

Traits of a Parisian Gentleman.

The Paris gentleman is the social fruit and flower of his nation—not in the chivalric sense, exactly, for if one were search*ing for* the fearless and irreproachable Bayards it is not among his class that they would be looked for. He is a person of great elegance, well made, of well-rounded person, and having small hands and feet. He is often handsome, though not necessarily so, and he is invariably well dressed, his garments being of fine material, and having that quality, quite unusual in the dress of Englishmen, of looking as if they were made for him. His hair has the *fighting cut. His face and hands are irre*proachably clean, his ears are faultlessly put on, and his nails are trimmed to the true arrow-head point. His linen is well laundried, and his jewelry simple, elegant, and in good taste. Add to this becoming completeness of apparel a silk hat of the latest style, so carefully bruished that not *a fiber of the silk swerves from the general* direction, shoes having a mirror-like perfection of polish, gloss that seems to develop each day perennial freshness and newness, and an umbrella or cane as much above reproach as the rest of the costume, and the picture is complete.

The Paris gentleman is really a graceful and *flexible being, moving about the street* with ease, bowing to all his friends, male and female, with scrupulous and refined courtesy, and, when not in public view, diligently attending to his private business, mercantile or otherwise, or engaged in pleasures of the table or other senses, from which it is not necessary to lift the veil. *Though there is much that is artificial*, as indicated by the portrait, this outward seeming covers often a character in which there is much that is good and honorable in the social and business world and kind and amiable in the family circle.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Habitues of the Public Library.

It is curious to watch the frequenters of the reference department of the public library A great part of them is made up of searchers in the various patent office *reports*. They are provided with a liberal quantity of tracing-paper and an assortment of sharp pencils These men are inventors in search of original ideas in mechanics, just as those other men at that table are authors hunting for original thoughts in the tones of ancient writers. The patent office reports and the British *patents* are continually laid under contribution by these inventors, and the results of their investigations will be seen in future patent office reports. At these tables, too, can be seen bevies of interesting girls pursuing under the direction of a scholastic dame researches into art. Isolated figures here and there can be seen making *copious quotations from dusty volumes*.

Some of these people are daily habitues of the library year in and year out. What most of them do with their notes no one is able to find out, and few of the attendants ever discover what the notes are. Some time, however, a compiler's ear-marks can be traced through all his authorities When a *certain college professor* was engaged in compiling his works an attendant kept "tab" on him, and discovered the source of nearly every chapter in his books. He was able to outline the professor's forthcoming work every time. The greater parts of a late book of European travel published by a local firm was prepared in *this room, after the trip was* made, with the aid of various guide books and maps.—Chicago News.

The Fruits of Northern California.

At the "citrus fair" in Sacramento are exhibited the fruits of northern California. There are shown not only the citrus *fruits—lemons, limes, oranges* and a curious large showy fruit called the "pumalo"—but also olives, grapes, fresh strawberries, almonds, chestnuts, walnuts, pecans, pears from the third crop grown on the same tree last year, Japanese persimmons, and boughs of the orange, lemon and Japanese plum, all *loaded with fragrant flowers. The* San Francisco Chronicle says: "The tea, pumalo, ripe olives, licorice, cotton and other unusual exhibits of California products can be depended upon with surprising regularity to bring forth from visitors, 'Why, I didn't know California grew that!' The licorice exhibitor has chipped *up some of the roots for visitors to sample*, as there was a large percentage of visitors who always asked incredulously, 'Is it real licorice?'

"The ripe olives are also a surprise to visitors The table olive is such a firm bright green fruit that to see a dark, purple, soft and luscious looking little fruit *labeled olives is a constant surprise* They are the ripe olive, such as are pressed for oil, and though they look tempting, are liable to turn the taster more nearly inside out than anything else he could put in his mouth"—Chicago Times.

Hunting Grounds of Nubia's Highlands.

Africa has been called the "dying continent," but, like the "sick" Turk, her obituary has been written a few years too soon. Professor Hagenbeck, the German Barnum, whose trappers explore every corner of the *zoologically habitable earth, has* his chief agency at Sennaar, on the borders of the Nubian highlands The fauna of that region comprises an amazing number of species, most of them distinguished for their elastic vitality—their talent of surviving under almost any circumstances

The Abu Hossein, *or spotted jackal*, multiplies where Dr Tanner would starve Herds of quaggas flee like the wind at sight of a male biped, and can be captured only by surrounding their drinking places with pitfalls. The hyrax burrows in the rocks and rarely leaves his hiding place before dark; herds of antelopes of various *species* elude pursuit by posting their sentries on every eminence Troops of baboons raid the valley orchards, and at the approach of the proprietor withdraw under protest, whooping and ranting, but generally manage to avoid traps, and their tactics of retreat can be defeated only by a long range rifle —Dr. Felix L Oswald in *Chicago Times*

Mme Modjeska on the star system: "Is either chills or kills the best artists."

BOTH WERE GOOD MEN.

John Gets One Boot Off, but Susan Dies with Both On.

One of the members of *Red Ledge* camp, almost from the start, has been Susan Gump. She came in with the rush, and never weakened in her opinion that there was richness here. That was six years ago *this spring*. She looked then as though she might have been 30 years old, and she never changed in appearance. She wore a man's hat, and *sometimes*, in severe weather, a a man's overcoat. Her hair was short, and it was the general verdict of the camp that Susan would have made a good-looking man. She had a trim, wiry figure, a cold gray eye, a merry mouth, and a nerve that all the boys said equaled anything that they had ever seen.

About a year ago an old *fellow* strolled in and announced that he was looking for his wife Nobody had seen his wife, and he got little satisfaction. Hanging around for a day or two, he at length hit upon Susan, and one day he announced that she was the woman that he had been searching for. When Susan herself confirmed this statement the camp believed it, but it was incredulous at first.

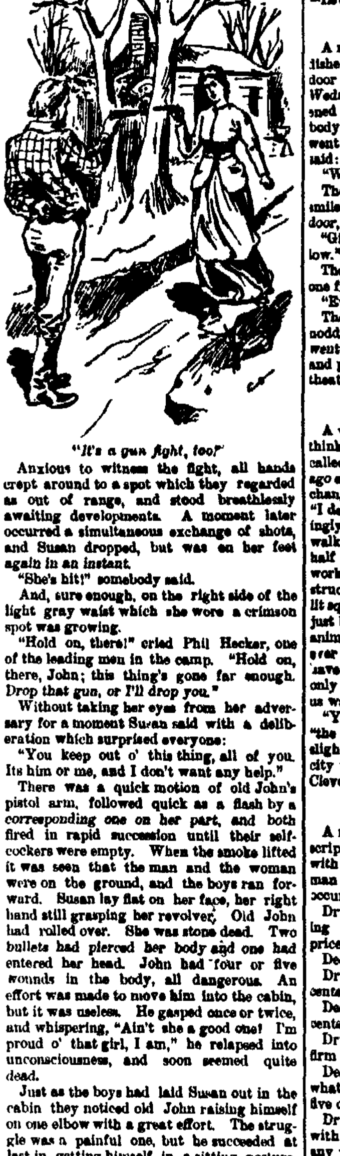
"Yes," she said one day, "he's my old man I married him in *Leadville long* ago, and jumped him there, too. I knew he would be after me, and that's why I came here. If he behaves himself, it's all right. If he don't, he'll wish he had. I don't git up and git *from here for him or any other man.*"

With that her hand rested on the revolver which she always carried in her belt, and a look came into her face which indicated that she was prepared for desperate work. They seemed to get along comfortably, however, and in the course of time the camp almost forgot that they had not always been together. Old John Gump built himself a cabin, and the two moved into it. Gump had some means, but he worked hard. Sometimes he drank. About *Christmas* it was reported that he and Susan were having lively times, but not much attention was paid to the matter. Susan appeared the same as she always had. A week ago she told one of her friends that old John was getting ugly, and that no one need be surprised at hearing of a big row up their way. After that she was not seen.

Yesterday morning one of the men who had been out toward the Gump cabin came running in with the cry that Susan and the old man were on the warpath.

"It's a gun fight, too!" he yelled. "They're at it now!"

The words had hardly fallen from his lips *before a half dozen revolver shots were* heard, and everybody in the camp started for the scene. As the boys approached they saw John and Susan, bare headed, with revolvers in hand, eyeing each other closely.



"It's a gun fight, too!"

Anxious to witness the fight, all hands crept around to a spot which they regarded as out of range, and stood breathlessly awaiting developments. A moment later occurred a simultaneous exchange of shots, and Susan dropped, but was on her feet *again in an instant.*

"She's hit!" somebody said.

And, sure enough, on the right side of the light gray waist which she wore a crimson spot was growing.

"Hold on, there!" cried Phil Hecker, one of the leading men in the camp. "Hold on, there, John; this thing's gone far enough. *Drop that gun, or I'll drop you.*"

Without taking her eyes from her adversary for a moment Susan said with a deliberation which surprised everyone:

"You keep out o' this thing, all of you. Its him or me, and I don't want any help."

There was a quick motion of old John's pistol arm, followed quick as a flash by a *corresponding one on her part*, and both fired in rapid succession until their self-cockers were empty. When the smoke lifted it was seen that the man and the woman were on the ground, and the boys ran forward. Susan lay flat on her face, her right hand still grasping her revolver. Old John had rolled over. She was stone dead. Two bullets had *pierced* her body and one had entered her head. John had four or five wounds in the body, all dangerous. An effort was made to move him into the cabin, but it was useless. He gasped once or twice, and whispering, "Ain't she a good one! I'm proud o' that girl, I am," he relapsed into unconsciousness, and soon seemed quite dead.

Just as the boys had laid Susan out in the cabin they noticed old John raising himself on one elbow with a great effort. The struggle was a painful one, but he succeeded at last in getting himself in a sitting posture. Then, with his old eyes almost glassy, and his bloody hand trembling, he groped for his *feet*, and, with an *exertion* that was more than he could bear, he pulled off one boot.

"His boots!" came to every tongue, and as he fell back, with his arms spread wildly over his head, all of the spectators were at his side. Seth Parker seized the remaining boot and had it off in an instant, but it was too late. Old John had gone with one boot on.

The camp buried them to-day side by side, just back of their cabin, and in the clothing that they had worn at the time of the fight. As Susan had died with her boots on, and was so buried, it was the unanimous decision of the camp that old John had had one of his taken off on a foul, and that one was buried with him *as a* measure of justice to Susan's memory.

"She was the best man of the two," said one of the boys, as the crowd walked away from the new-made graves.

"They were both good men," several others replied, forgetting in their admiration that one of them had been a woman who might in another *sphere* have been a heroine.—New York Sun.

A Natural Result of Not Advertising.

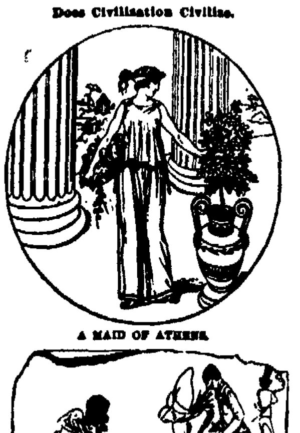
"Don't you think this story is a little hard to believe?" asked the horse editor.

"What story?" queried the snake editor.

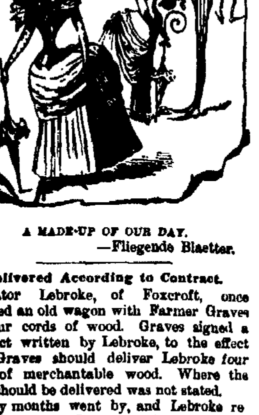
"That a girl in Chicago is in the habit of sleeping five or six days at a time."

"Oh, no, not at all strange; she is probably a saleslady in a store that doesn't advertise. —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Does Civilisation Civilise.



A MAID OF ATHENS.



A MADE-UP OF OUR DAY.
—Fliegende Blaetter.

Delivered According to Contract.

Senator Lebroke, of Foxcroft, once swapped an old wagon with Farmer Graves for four cords of wood. Graves signed a contract written by Lebroke, to the effect that Graves should deliver Lebroke *four* cords of merchantable wood. Where the wood should be delivered was not stated.

Many months went by, and Lebroke received no wood. Happening in Guilford, he asked the old man about it.

"Oh, yes," said Graves; "I've cut your wood, and it's as nice a lot of wood as ever *you saw*. You just come and look at it."

He took Lebroke into the woods and showed him four cords of excellent cord-wood, piled up in the forest.

"There, Squire Lebroke," said he, "I deliver that wood to you." Turning to a neighbor who had accompanied him, he added: "And I want you to witness that I deliver this wood to Mr. Lebroke."

The senator had to hire a teamster to haul the wood ten miles to Foxcroft. He says it *was the* first and only *time* he ever was beaten on a contract that he wrote himself. —Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A Wicked Husband.

A man in evening dress, but with rather a disheveled appearance, tapped lightly on the door at the entrance to the Casino on *Wednesday* night, and peered into the darkened corridor. It was midnight, and every body had departed but the watchman, who went up to the door, opened it slightly, and said:

"Well, what is it?"

The man burst into an affable and buttery smile, thrust a coin through the crack in the *door*, and *said*, thickly:

"Gimme a programme; there's a good fellow."

The janitor smiled, pulled a neatly folded one from his pocket, and then passed it out.

"Everything all right?"

The janitor smiled good naturedly and nodded his head, and the wicked husband *went home to show his wife* the programme and prove thereby that he had been to the theatre.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Difference Was Slight.

A well known young hardware clerk who thinks he is one of nature's special pets called on a Logan avenue belle a few days *ago* and *forthwith commenced ringing the* changes on his favorite subject—himself. "I declare," he said, "I had a most shockingly narrow escape last Tuesday. *I* was walking along near the curbing in front of a half completed building, when a careless workman on the wall dropped a brick. It struck on the scaffolding, and, bounding out, *lit squarely on the head of* a mule which was just behind me and cut a deep gash on the animal's head. It was the closest shave I ever experienced. Just think of it; I might have been in the mule's place if I had walked only a little slower. The difference between us was just that slight difference of time."

"Yes," dreamily answered the young lady, "*the difference* between you was *very* slight." There is a hardware clerk in this city who will tell no more mule stories.—Cleveland Herald.

Quick Sales and Small Profits.

A man afflicted with deafness took a prescription to a Topeka druggist, who filled it with *care* and in the *latest style*. The deaf man asked the price, when the following talk occurred:

Druggist (leaning on the counter and smiling in a won't-you-pay-up manner)—The price is seventy-five cents.

Deaf Customer—Five cents? Here it is.

Druggist—(in a louder voice)—Seventy-five cents, please.

Deaf Customer—Well, there's your five cents.

Druggist (in a very loud voice and very firm manner)—I said seventy-five cents.

Deaf Customer (getting angry)—Well, what more do you want? I just gave you five cents.

Druggist (sotto voce)—Well, go to thunder with your medicine. I made three cents, any way.—Drug Record.

A Gentle Hint.

A member *of the junior class* at Harvard has been paying persistent attentions to a young lady living in —— street. His classmates took a lively interest in the case, and as long as the calls were limited to once a week they only sympathized, but when the visits reached five, six, and even seven times in a single week, the boys felt that something ought to be done. *Accordingly*, they put their heads together and decided to give him a gentle hint to change his lodgings. A few nights later, after a protracted meeting at the house of the young lady, upon stepping out upon the piazza to take leave of her the junior found that the entire contents of his room—even to trunks, curtains and bedroom furniture—had been removed during the evening and disposed around the yard and piazza. He does not call there at all now —Boston Record.

He Was Expecting the Serenade.

"Let me tell you a little story about a young man down our way," said a Brownville gentleman the other day. "*The hero* of the story is a well known citizen of Tecumseh. He was married not long ago, and started on a southern wedding trip. When the train stopped at Topeka for dinner a waiter rushed out and began pounding a gong. The young man from Tecumseh, thinking it was intended for a charivari, rushed up to him and exclaimed: '*Hold on*, there! How did you fellows down here get on to this racket! Stop her! I'll set 'em up for the boys.' "—Omaha Bee.

LOCAL NEWS.

FROM LAST SATURDAY'S DAILY

—J. H. Knode, of this city has been appointed a guard at the Ohio penitentiary

—John Winteringham, the horse buyer and trader, left this morning for Ellsworth, Kas

—Mr and Mrs George Foster have returned to Marion after a very pleasant bridal tour

—S. A. Court left for Cincinnati this afternoon on lodge business to be absent two or three days

—After finding Pat McEnery guilty of larceny the petit jury was given its final discharge for this term of court. Pat was given ten days in jail

—John Culbertson, of Mechanicsburg, was here attending the graduating exercises of the class of '86. Dud is well and favorably known here

—W. H. Krause and Miss Ella N Miller were licensed to marry, Friday. They evidently are not superstitious about the getting of a license on Friday

—D R Crissinger was in the city today on his way home from Cincinnati. Dick will take a month's rest before professionally locating, when he may decide to come to Marion permanently. We hope he will

—Jimmie McDonald plead guilty to larceny in court this morning and Judge Norris gave him thirty days in the Cleveland work house. Jimmy will probably return from Cleveland somewhat reformed, at least it is to be hoped that he will if he returns at all

—The tri annual conference of the Free Will Baptists of America will hold a two weeks' session in this city beginning the first week in October. There will probably be an attendance of two hundred from all parts of the United States and Canada, and the event will be of no little importance

—Upper Sandusky Chief Fred T Holmes returned from Marion last Tuesday. During Fred's visit there he was taken seriously ill and was confined to the house for a week. He left for San Francisco yesterday, where he will resume his connection with the San Francisco Daily and Weekly Post

—Last night when F R Sauter of the firm of S & F R Sauter, was about to lock their safe for the night, he noticed that the iron drawer was missing therefrom. This morning it was found in the alley at the side of the store, badly broken. The papers were all safe in it and the thief was not rewarded, there having been a total absence of money in the box, which was taken out and broken open with a stone in broad day light, probably while Mr Sauter was at his dinner. Rather a bold piece of work

Found Guilty

All day yesterday and a part of last night was occupied in the trial of Jack Flaharty, who is charged with burglary and larceny, for breaking into a Bee Line freight car and taking goods therefrom

About twenty witnesses were examined and Flaharty was well defended by Messrs Scofield and Young, while W Z Davis assisted Prosecutor Court. The arguments were concluded at half past nine when the jury went out and after due deliberation returned a verdict of guilty

Jack's case is a warning to young men who can wear good clothes without work and without capital. A community regards them with distrust and suspicion, just what has been proven in this case

"WE GIRLS"

Essay Delivered by Miss R. McWilliams at the Fourteenth Annual Commencement of the Marion High School

I am fairly wearied out with the [illegible] ant prating of the lords of creation on the duties and sphere of woman. They seem to take it for granted that every woman is born with a depraved and fatal tendency to wander from the path that leads to the kitchen and that she is only to be reclaimed by the call of duty sounded in her ears by their disinterested voice. They feel morally certain that whenever a woman is found guilty of reading a book or the awful enormity of writing one the roast [illegible] mutton will be burned the pudding turn out heavy and their precious shirt [illegible] scorched. Ever since Eve stole the apple from the tree of knowledge I believe all the Adamites have reckoned it a sin for her to take to learning. How elegantly they discourse on the broom and scrubbing brush and the plaintive melody of their kitchen lyrics is almost touching. Then the delightful insincerity with which they tell a woman—in print—that she never looks more bewitching than with her sleeves rolled up at the pie board or in any one of the beautiful household avocations. Why do they think it so positively necessary that a woman, to be a woman, should always be in the practice of domestic drudgery?

Some people think it necessary that the boys only should have an education. But certainly this is not the case with some of the [illegible] of Marion. Look at our class. Fourteen girls and one boy and most properly can "We Girls" be applied to the class of '86. It seems [illegible] there are some young people who don't care anything about the practical good of an education and who go to school only for the sake of having it said they have graduated. They usually try to crowd all their music, languages, [illegible] graces and other accomplishments into the [illegible] between twelve and seventeen that at the latter age they may be considered ready to take their places in the grown up world. Yet it can scarcely be doubted that this kind of forcing is physically as well as mentally hurtful. The ablest authorities are unanimous in saying that a young girl's intellect is in far greater risk of being overstrained than that of her brother. He has his safety valve of [illegible] boating, fishing, running, and the like, and the rougher system is less susceptible [illegible] from too much mental food which it [illegible] the carefully tended delicately nurtured and [illegible] developed organization of the girl which will retain it may be the instruction crowded in a space too small for it but retain it frequently at the risk of health and general [illegible] hurt of mental digestion. Let this fact be recognized in the education of girls that it is [illegible] extended beyond the eighteenth year with the understanding that the girl herself is [illegible] instead of her teachers if she does not [illegible] and if studious she will be rewarded with [illegible] less frivolous tastes more definiteness of purpose and greater strength of character. Such common sense training is the course by which to earn the high and discriminating [illegible] which DeQuincy awards to Miss Wordsworth. She is content to be ignorant of many things but what she knew and had really mastered, lay where it could not [illegible] disturbed until [illegible] of her [illegible]

Enough has been said [illegible] making [illegible] girls slaves [illegible] accomplishments for which they have no taste. And [illegible] division [illegible] of intellect [illegible] given them though [illegible] which we have [illegible] that which [illegible] at too great a sacrifice [illegible] what must be [illegible] power of attracting and captivating the latter furnishes the former [illegible] endowment [illegible] accomplishments be relegated to [illegible]

[illegible] much trouble [illegible] girls capacity [illegible] might not [illegible] time given [illegible] space for [illegible] and the strug[illegible] over the more [illegible] whole mind

She [illegible] must have been [illegible] mental or physical [illegible] with too much study. It is but [illegible] that mental and physical power go hand in hand each [illegible] the other and [illegible] forming a perfect whole

FROM MONDAY'S DAILY

—We learn that J M Alston J P, is sick

—John Shay Sundayed at his home in Galion

—Thomas Leonard was over from La Rue today

—Judge Norris made Bucyrus a visit yesterday evening

—F D Bulow is at Franklin, Tenn, starting out new Huber machines

—Sam Bell, county surveyor, was at Columbus today on official business

—Jim Jacoby departed last evening for a trip to points on the P, Ft W and C railroad

—Joe Matthews is suffering with a bad blood disorder something on the order of erysipelas

—S E Bulow and Frank Huber bicycled to Magnetic Springs yesterday by way of Richwood

—W I Kline, of Lancaster, Pa, is visiting the family of his uncle, Ira Uhler in this city

—Pastor A J Wiant did not fill his pulpit at the old brick church yesterday on account of illness

—Hornby Frey left today noon for Buffalo, N Y, to remain indefinitely with J A Harrison and family

—Miss Venie Matthews rusticated at Green Camp last week stopping with the family of her brother, Ed

—The first cargo of home grown strawberries arrived in this city this morning from Jake Smith's plantation

—The Huber works, the banks, the postoffice, and a number of business houses were closed this afternoon

—Thursday has been set apart as visitors day at the jail and Sheriff Beckley has hung out a card announcing this fact

—Herman Cott, of the firm of M Brown & Co, Pittsburg Pa, was in the city over Sunday a guest of C J Martion

—Clute Welch and E M Warwick drove to Magnetic Springs with their ladies, Sunday and spent the day very pleasantly

—Fred Holmes departed today for his home in San Francisco, Cal, accompanied by Miss May Hushberger, who will visit there

—B C Brown, the basket manufacturer at Bellefontaine is in the city spending a couple days with his nephew, George Brown

—Prof Crouse will spend almost the entire vacation of the schools at home in this city resting up and preparing for next year's work

—The Marion Steam Shovel Company is so rushed with orders that the men are all working twelve hours per day quitting now at nine

—Mr and Mrs Ira Uhler left for Seymour Ind last evening in response to a telegram announcing the sudden death of Mr Uhler's brother H I

—J B Walter the prodigal, came home Saturday satisfied that Ohio beats all the west in country and is the place for him. The boys were all glad to see John back but joke him a great deal about his great resolution to stay there if he had to turn

A party of about twenty five little folks surprised Miss Ethel at the home of her parents Mr and Mrs J W Clark last Saturday evening. Ice cream and other refreshments were served, and the little people enjoyed themselves as only little people can

—An exchange says perhaps it is not generally known that the metallic part of the badges worn by members of the G A R must be 80 per cent of metal of captured cannon. The number required is making the supply scarce and a Grand Army badge is likely to be [illegible]

Yesterday while Ed Hirsch of Delaware and Will [illegible] of Marietta of this city were standing on a rail on the first section of N Y P and O freight train No 4 Hirsch was caught in some unaccountable way between the cars and sustained a broken leg. He was removed to the home of his people a sorer and probably a wiser man

—Mrs F G Richardson and her sister, Mrs Richardson of Princeton Ill, Sundayed in Upper Sandusky the guests of Mr and Mrs Watson

—The Board of Education will make all the necessary preparations for building the new Fourth ward school house this year. The building will not be erected however until next year

—J W Roe of Mansfield who has been in the city several weeks past assisting his brother in law, E Q Codlin, in business affairs returned home today. Mr Roe is a gentleman of high moral character and social standing and a general favorite. His many friends here will miss him

—Cooper Post G A R attended church in a body at the Methodist Episcopal yesterday. The church was beautifully and tastefully decorated with flowers and flags and the service was one very appropriate to the day set apart to the memory of the dead heroes. The singing of the war songs and the reminiscences related by the pastor during his discourse greatly pleased the old comrads and deeply interested the congregation in general

A New Thing for Them

We clip the following item from the Mingo correspondence of the North Lewisburg Free Press

Rev A J Wiant, of Marion, O, will preach at the old brick church in Middletown on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. As this will be the first preaching services held in that village for five or six years we suggest that the boys lay aside their horse shoes, don their best garments and meet the reverend gentleman with a good audience and we assure you he will interest you in the presentation of facts gleaned from scripture

Resolutions of Thanks

RESOLVED, That the thanks of Cooper Post, No 116, G A R, Marion, O, are due and are hereby cordially tendered Rev A C Barnes, pastor M E Church, for the able and interesting sermon he preached for the members of the Post May 30 1886

RESOLVED, That the resolutions be spread upon the minutes, a copy furnished Rev A C Barnes and copies handed to the city press for publication

Committee { D W McCONNELL, H T VANFLEET, O A BUSSARD

A Bad Accident

A sad and sickening accident occurred to a young Englishman on the Upper Sandusky pike, near Henderson Harvey's this morning, but can not give intelligible particulars for we fail to learn the unfortunate young man's name. However, while driving cattle toward Marion the horse ridden by the young gentleman fell flatly on the abdomen of its rider and after having partly regained its feet the animal fell again and the second time the victim suffered its weight. His associates came to his rescue and hurrying him to town and sending for surgical aid they were met by Dr Sweney just north of town and the young man's injuries examined into. He was found to be seriously injured internally and besides wounds of a private nature that should he recover he is badly maimed for life

A Bicycle Race

The challenge of the Marion Wheelmen to the Prospect Bicycle Club has been accepted by the latter and the ten dollar forfeit placed in the hands of Geo P Scofield

On Saturday Captains Hane and Warren of the respective clubs arranged a date for the race choosing June 10 when four wheelmen from each club will race from the square in Prospect to the South Marion school house or vice versa, according to the course of the wind. The race is for a good silver medal, and will be hotly contested as the clubs have been boasting considerable of late and the defeated party will have to shut up. The four representatives of the Marion club have not been named but Capt Hane assures us they will be the fleetest of the organization and will win the medal for Marion

Another Triumph for the Huber

The news of another grand triumph for the Huber folks comes from Portsmouth Ohio, and it is a pleasure to publish it. Geo Showen and Ed Farlow had just delivered a new traction for a firm at the place after satisfactory trial and the firm remarked that they would never pay for the engine until it had reached the top of a certain long and steep hill there. The remark was made jokingly, for time and again traction engines had tried to make the ascent but failed in every instance and had to call the mule horses

Farlow and Showen took it in good faith however and immediately started for the hill, which by the way has a grade of four inches to the foot. It was reached and ascended without difficulty at all in the presence of the surprised lookers. Then the truth was told the Marion gentlemen that they had accomplished what no other traction had and several had tried it. Of course they felt highly elated and are more convinced than ever that the Huber beats the world

Elks at Cleveland

Messrs C C Pettit J H Vaughan, Chas Fetterman S I Beerbower and A W Bryant of Marion Lodge B P O E, were at Cleveland Sunday assisting in the institution of the fifth lodge of that order in the State. The Marion representatives filled the chair and the splendid new organization was started with over forty charter members

After the work was completed the Forest City brethren assumed charge and proceeded to entertain their visitors. C C Pettit was the only one of the Marion Lodge able to get home as the city had almost all been bought and the Cleveland gentleman proposed not one should leave until they had been shown around. In fact a more generous hospitality was never shown and those in the hands of their friends are enjoying Cleveland in a manner they never did before.

RAILROAD

Bee Line engine [illegible] has been run into the Brightwood shops for repairs

C and A engine 64 is out of the Huntington shops looking as good as new

Toney Sittler's engine, 607, has gone into the Brightwood shops for an overhauling

C A Allen, trainmaster Indianapolis division of the Bee Line, passed through here today

Baggage car No 6 is out of the Huntington car shops and passenger coach 66 goes in this week

Bee Line engine 152 come out of the Brightwood shops last week. Sam Alman takes charge of her

C H Mead, foreman of the Huntington car department, was in the city Saturday on railroad business.

The changes of time on the N Y, P and O yesterday will be observed by referring to our local time card

J O Ewan, Superintendent of Indianapolis division of the C, C, C & I, went east on No 10 this morning

Train 5 on the N Y, P and O was five and a half hours late Sunday, on account of a freight wreck on the Erie

N Y, P and O engine 66 is out of the shops and George Casey is as proud of her as though she was new

Beginning today the Erie folks run five express trains west and four east every twenty four hours. They all carry passengers but 1.

Brakeman Pete Anderson, on the C. and A, who had his hand hurt some time ago has returned to work. He joins Conductor Wilcox's crew

C, H V and T train No 2 was one hour and thirty minutes late yesterday and one hour late this morning, on account of waiting for connections at Fostoria

As fast as the draw bars now in use on the C and A cars are removed they will be replaced by a new bar called the C and A Standard for which patterns are now being made

J M Wagstaff who filled the temporary vacancy at the N Y, P and O telegraph office, will leave tonight for Dayton where he will assume his former position. J B Wallace presides once more

The C and A delivered 100 car loads of freight to the N Y P. and O on the 28th 158 car loads on the 29th and 111 car loads on the 30th. Express business is good on the N Y, P and O, and taken altogether the road is doing a splendid business

James Nolan, round house foreman C & A R y, has obtained leave of absence for one month. Mr Nolan has been offered a position on the Cincinnati Southern R y and leaves on Wednesday for Cincinnati. We trust that his trip may prove a success

N Y, P and O engine 230 has been converted into an excursion engine, having had air brakes and all the necessary improvements added. Being one of the largest engines on the road it is calculated that it will be capable of hauling twenty loaded passenger cars with perfect ease

Local Freight Conductor W C Strader reported sick and unable for duty Friday and Conductor Hudler was sent out on his car. Extra Conductor W C Baker is running for Hudler. Mr Strader is said to be afflicted with heart trouble brought on by over exertion and a too close application, which while serious is not particularly dangerous, and his friends hope it will entirely disappear soon. Selah!—Huntington Democrat

Protection from Malaria

The preventive is the far famed Southern remedy Simmons Liver Regulator, a purely vegetable tonic, cathartic and alterative. It acts more promptly in curing all forms of malarial diseases than calomel or quinine, without any of the injurious consequences which follow their use. Take the Regulator and it will keep your liver, bowels and kidneys in perfect order, and you will never have an experimental knowledge of the meaning of the word malaria

Remarked by E C Jomer, of Allen P O, Hillsdale county, Mich "Nothing gave my rheumatism such quick relief as Dr Thomas Electric Oil—believe it infallible for rheumatics"

A Good Nudge for the Memory

A writer of chunks of wisdom for wives says. Always remember that you are married to a man and not to an angel. Such advice is entirely unnecessary. Her husband will not permit her to forget the important fact. And the man should also remember that he is married to a woman and not to an angel. And he probably will before he is married a year.—Norristown Herald.

Over 2,000,000 lobsters were captured and canned on Prince Edward's island last year

We can at least feel grateful that Eve didn't wear eye glasses and call Adam 'Chawlie.'—Chicago Ledger.

CHOES OF NEW YORK

SOME REASONS WHY JOURNALISTS ABANDON THEIR PROFESSION

Duration of the Life of Proprietary and Salaried Journalists—Another Native Playwright—An Inquiry for the Old Journalists who Depend on Salaries.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, May 17.—David D Lloyd or Democrat Lloyd, as he used to write his name has just finished a play founded on our revolutionary period for Wallack's theatre and it has been accepted with the expectation of producing it there next season. He is the author of "For Congress," which he wrote some years ago. Lloyd is, or has been, a journalist by profession, having been for ten or twelve years on the staff of The Tribune where he wore himself out with work and went abroad for his health. While in Europe he decided not to re-enter journalism after his return, but to devote his talents to literature, specially to the stage, for which he seems to have a decided vocation.

"For Congress" was done at leisure hours, while acting as Washington correspondent of The Tribune. It is, as he is aware, little more than a sketch, but he wrote it specially for Raymond, who wished to be the central and absorbing figure, as he has been. He has had such success with the piece that he has already paid the author $6,000 for it, and has engaged him to do another, now nearly completed. Lloyd has commissions for several other plays, so that he is likely to have his hands full for some years. The revolutionary drama is said to be strong and interesting, and Lester Wallack feels confident of its cordial acceptance by the public. Lloyd's surrender of journalism for pecuniary reasons is but one of the many instances of the kind that are continually occurring. Men of genuine ability are apt to find, after a few years' connection with newspapers, that they can earn much more money, with far less labor and worry, at some other occupation which, therefore, they naturally embrace.

While on this subject I may remark upon the difference between the duration of life of proprietary and salaried journalists principally due no doubt to the fact that the former have ease of circumstance and periodic leisure which are denied to the latter. Erastus Brooks whom I met the other day, does not look much above 50, but he is in his 73d year. He has been a hard worker, too, since childhood having gone from Portland, Me, when only 8, to Boston, where he was an errand boy in a grocery. After becoming a printer, having been educated at Brown university, and having had various newspaper experiences, he, in company with his brother James established The Express. He retained his editorial and proprietary interest for forty years, retiring with a handsome independence. If he had been on a salary in the same office—salaries were niggardly there—he would have been dead, in all probability, before middle age.

George Jones of The Times, is about 75, and has been thirty five years intimately connected with the management of the paper. He has not for a good while been in robust health but his position and means have enabled him to rest when rest was needed and, consequently, he is full of affairs at a ripe old age.

Parke Godwin is 70, and still young, despite rather delicate health, partly caused by an excess of sumptuous dinners. He has been a writer and a literary laborer for more than forty years, but he has had an interest in The Evening Post and is now one of the proprietors of The Commercial Advertiser. William Cullen Bryant, his father-in-law lasted nearly eighty four years, and would have lasted longer but for gross imprudence in exposing himself to the sun and over fatigue. But then he had owned most of the stock in The Evening Post for half a century. James Gordon Bennett, founder of The Herald, lived to be almost 77, notwithstanding his tough struggle with fortune until he was beyond 40. George Ripley, one of the first stockholders in The Tribune, was nearly an octogenarian when he passed away, with mind undimmed and perfect freshness of heart, from an acute disorder. Charles A Dana of The Sun at 67 is as vigorous and alert as he was twenty years since. He has always been a journalistic proprietor. Other instances might be cited, if necessary, to show the preservative character of financial independence among newspaper laborers. Where are the old men in journalism who have depended on salaries? I cannot recall one of them. Most of them have died young or in middle life. They could not afford to take leisure or recreation and they fell early in the great, ever waged battle for existence.

As I was walking through upper Fifth avenue the other afternoon I observed that the new family hotel, the Langham, at the corner of Fifty second street, includes the house once owned and occupied by the notorious Mme Restell. The house, on account of her horrid trade, was a national infamy for many years and good women, when they passed her residence, were wont to turn their faces away that they might not see it. Her trial nearly forty years ago, when she lived down town caused a great commotion here and throughout the country. The newspapers were full of its hideous details, and it was thought that she would certainly be brought to justice. If convicted she would have been sent to state prison for a longer term than she would probably have lived. But she had too much money, so she escaped in the face of almost positive evidence of her guilt. The extraordinary advertising caused by her trial doubtless helped her business immeasurably, and she therefore rejoiced at it, for her one object in life was monetary accumulation. After that she bought, through an agent sworn to secresy, several lots in Fifth avenue, and on one of those she put up a big flaring house, and made it her home. It was then very far up town, and for years stood solitary and alone. No one would buy the adjoining lots, of course and they long stood vacant as if they had been infected ground. Finally, when apartment houses began to be the fashion a shrewd operator purchased three of her lots and erected thereon a handsome house of that kind. He rightly estimated that a number of genteel families would live where a single family would not. They would think that by dividing the moral responsibility it would cease to affect any of them. The Osborne, as it was named was soon filled, because the neighborhood was very fashionable, and the tenants tried to ignore the proximity of the unsavory madame. They were delighted, however, when they learned that from some morbid fear of conviction for her crimes she had cut her throat one night and was found dead the next morning in her bath room. She was said to have had possession of terrible secrets that would have blasted the fair fame of many. But if she had they perished with her. That is barely six years since, and already the tragedy is well nigh forgotten, though the poetic justice that it brought might have kept it in vivid remembrance. Since then the Osborne has been annexed to the Restell mansion, and the whole is known as the Langham, the elegance of which has eclipsed the shame of that bad woman's life, and the righteous horror of its close.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

INCOMPATIBILITY.

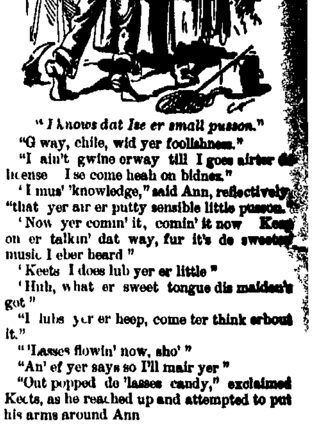
A Dark Gentleman Who Knows Everything Is Not Right.

Bow Legged Keets is a little, old ne prominent man once bet $300 that after being stall fed, would not weig than ninety pounds. Keets earns his a part of it, at least—by wading thro swamps and catching frogs, which he town. Some time ago Keets marri Ann. Ann is one of the largest and est women in the country. It is said once seized a steer and held him loudly begged for mercy. When asked her to be his wife she put he hands on her expansive hips and with a deep chuckle

"Oh, Ise in arnest," said Keets. laung time I has knowd dat yere' putties' 'oman I mighty nigh neber I wants yer"

"G'way, chile, g'way," Ann replied. ain' nuthin' but er boy er laung side

"Honey," said Keets, in tones of in tion, "I knows dat I doan mount ter dis ole worl', I knows dat I'se er small p sorter ham strung an' all dat, but I've heurt in me ez big ez er yearlin' ca honey, all dat gre't big heart 'longs ter so'f. Not section one an' township tw all o' it."



"I knows dat Ise er small pusson."

"G'way, chile, wid yer foolishness."

"I ain't gwine orway till I goes airter license. I se come heah on bidnes."

"I mus' 'knowledge," said Ann, reflectively, "that yer air er putty sensible little pusson."

"Now yer comin' it, comin' it now. Kee on er talkin' dat way, fur it's de sweeter music I eber heard."

"Keets I does lub yer er little."

"Huh, what er sweet tongue dis maiden's got."

"I lubs yer er heep, come ter think erbout it."

"'Lasses flowin' now, sho'."

"An' ef yer says so I'll mair yer."

"Out popped de 'lasses candy," exclaimed Keets, as he reached up and attempted to put his arms around Ann.

They were married. About two weeks afterward a gentleman, while passing Keets' house, saw Keets sitting under a tree.

"Well, Keets, how are you getting along?"

"'Bout at de eend o' mer row, sah."

"How's that?"

Keets nodded his head toward the cabin and said "On ercount o' dat elifin up yander."

"Doesn't she treat you rightly?"

"No, sah, she doan. She's allus er sinnywatin' ergin me. Yistidy she hurt mer feelin's an' hurt mer pride. W'y, sah, she spanked me on de head wid er shubel, dat's w'at she did."

"Doesn't appear to have any feeling for you, eh?"

"Oh, yas, an' dat's de trouble. She's er feelin' fur me all de time, an' w'n she gits me de earth hab dun los' its charm. Some mo' trouble come up twixt us jes now."

"Have a misunderstanding?"

"Nor, sah, had er un'erstandin'. I un'erstood dat I couldn't git outen de house too soon. Trouble is I didn't go out soon ernuff. She tuck me by de scruff o' de naik an' de looseness o' deso heah britches an'—wall, I lit jes now. Thought I neber wuz comin' down, an' I says ter merse'f, 'Mr Keets, whar yer gwine ter light?' Nor, sah, dat 'oman ain't gentle ernuff to suit dis pusson."

"What are you going to do?"

"Keep outen her way, dat's what. Oh, I'se putty sharp. I ken allus tell w'n things ain't goin' on all right. Wall," springing to his feet "I mus' go. I seed dat 'oman stick her head outen de winder an' I know she's lookin' arter me, but if she ketches me dis time she got ter scatter tracks mighty fas'."—Arkansaw Traveler

Why He Wept.

Among the crowd present at the panoramic battle of Gettysburg the other evening was a boy about 15 years of age. He had been gazing around him for about fifteen minutes when he began to weep. The fact was noticed, and directly a gentleman said

"Ah poor lad! This painting revives some episode of grief in his life. My boy, why do you weep?"

"'Ca—ca—cause, sir!" was the broken reply, as his tears fell faster

"Does the sight of this battle move you?"

"Y—yes."

"Did your father lay down his life on this field?"

"No."

"But you lost a relation of some sort?"

"Not—not that I know of."

"Then it must be these bloody scenes which overcome you poor child."

"N—no, sir. I come in here on the money which dad gave me to buy molasses with, and it has just struck me that the whole Union army can't stop him from givin' me a bim awful whaling when I git home. I reckon that feller over there on a stretcher is me—after dad gits through bringin' up his reserves!"—Detroit Free Press

Belonging to the Same Church.

Secretary Chase was not originally a profane man. He learned how to swear after he went into Lincoln's cabinet. One day, after he had delivered himself rather vigorously, Lincoln said to him

"Mr Chase are you an Episcopalian?"

"Why do you ask?" was the somewhat surprised counter question.

"Oh just out of curiosity," replied Lincoln. "Seward is an Episcopalian, and I had noticed that you and he swore in much the same manner."—Washington Hatchet.

Breaking Out in a New Place.

In a Buffalo household in which the "Mikado" is a favorite composition a little girl came down stairs the other day and asked her aunt what dreadful things she supposed her still younger sister put in her prayers. The aunt expressed her inability to conjecture and the shocked little maiden replied. She says Oh, Lord, bless the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la.'"—Buffalo Courier

Boniface Phoebus, of Old Point Comfort.

When, on one occasion, Mr Stoomaker made the late Harrison Phoebus a present of a $3,000 registered Jersey cow, he turned around to a pleasant company and said: "Boys when I am dead, and I may be the first to go remember that while I had no pedigree of my own I possessed a cow that could show one a mile long."—Mr Randall in the Augusta Chronicle

LOCAL NEWS.

FROM TUESDAY'S DAILY.

—Miss Fannie Tracy, of Richwood, is stopping with relatives in the city.

—Mrs Charles F. Fischer, of Columbus, is visiting with the family of C. Haberman on East street.

—Some of the milliners want to close early. They could easily make some satisfactory arrangement.

—Rollie Shute contemplates spending the summer in Western Illinois, after a brief visit seeing Chicago sights.

—Miss Flo Williamson has returned to her home in Hardin county to spend the summer vacation of the schools.

—S. E. DeWolfe is putting up a new fence, extending the limits of his premises and otherwise improving appearances of his home.

—The unfortunate young man so seriously injured as reported Monday, is Chas. Wilkison, who has been in the employ of J. D. Lust.

—Rev. A. C. Barnes is absent from the city today in attendance upon the spring session of the Delaware district conference, held at Agosta.

—The Methodists are not yet fully determined to build a new parsonage, but are looking about the city with the view of making a desirable trade.

—Rev. Wiant has purchased the fine residence Dwight Bishop on east South street. Mr. Bishop took a residence in Mt. Gilead as part of the purchase.

—Bart Tristram was at Delaware today, taken thither by a call for the trustees' attention to some business connected with the Industrial Home.

—Chas. Hofstetter and Alice Kellogg were licensed to marry Saturday. Chas. was only divorced from his wife, Hattie, last Friday and Alice was divorced from her husband, Frank Kellogg, during the February term of court.

—The Marion and Huber Gun Clubs engaged in a shooting contest yesterday afternoon that resulted in a victory for the latter. The members of the Marion club claim they failed to shoot up to their usual score, hence the defeat.

—Rev. Thomas, a former M. E. minister on the Latimberville circuit, residing at Caledonia, but now of Edison, Morrow county, had a leg broken in a railroad accident at Indianapolis, Saturday, and is now lying in the hospital at that city. He was on his way West on a pleasure trip.

—The horse trader, John Winteringham, who left so hastily for the West seems to have had good reasons for leaving Today's Leader contains an account of his violent and brutal assault on a thirteen-year-old girl at his home in Plymouth, where he would probably be handled roughly were he to return.

Off to the Work House.

Deputy Sheriff S. B Rice departs for Cleveland tonight, taking with him Pat McEnery and James McDonald, whom he will place in the Cleveland work house to pay the penalty of their crimes.

Pat and Jim served a term together on the Marion stone pile, and they know how to keep each other company and offer congratulations as the days of their sentence draw to a close.

Reopening.

The audience room of the German M E. Church, which has been closed for sometime on account of repairs and general improvement, such as frescoing, graining, painting, carpeting, etc, will be re-opened next Sunday evening, June 6th The Rev. Geo. Brennig, who, forty years ago preached to the German Methodists in the counties of Marion, Delaware and Crawford, will relate some of his interesting experience as pioneer preacher in the above named counties and also in the Scioto Valley. The friends and public are cordially invited to attend this re-opening and enjoy the feast.

Miss Stella Bunker Dead.

We regret to chronicle the death of Miss Stella W Bunker, which occurred at the home of her mother on East street in this city last evening. Death has called her home after a continued illness of over three months, and a sufferer with delicate health of three years. That grim destroyer, consumption, had layed his hand upon her and never relinquished his grasp until she was called to an eternal home.

The deceased would have been twenty-five years old in July. She was an exemplary young lady whom everybody admired As a teacher in the Marion schools she was a favorite with both board and scholars, and one whose friendship was always sought after an acquaintance

Funeral services will be held at the house Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, after which her remains will be interred in Gospel Hill cemetery.

Bound To Have Them.

Saturday afternoon during the busy hours, two young ladies called at Stoll's boot and shoe house, and after selecting and trying on a pair of shoes asked the clerk, Phil Ruehrmund, for credit. Phil referred them to the proprietor, who kindly informed the young ladies that he had no account with their father and he could not grant the credit. The speaker of the two insisted that she would pay Monday, but Mr. Stoll was unapproachable and flatly refused, at the same time leaving the persistent customer, to attend to others who were waiting. When his back was turned the leader of the two picked up the coveted shoes and deliberately walked off with them and was soon out of sight A brief search failed to find the shop-lifters, but the head of the family was found and requested to right matters He refused, however, and no recourse is left Mr. Stoll but to get out a warrant and arrest the offender, yet the father is a well-to-do and comfortably fixed farmer, living not far from Marion.

REMEMBER THE DEAD.

Memorial Day—How It Was Observed In Marion.

Marion assumed a part holiday appearance yesterday. In the forenoon a number of business houses hoisted their flags and several places were appropriately decorated though the move was not general Nothing was done in the forenoon except the pretty decoration of graves by private parties, but in the afternoon Cooper Post, G. A. R. was followed to the cemetery by a good number of citizens and there the memorial exercises took place.

The whole affair was under the direction of the Post and the exercises were read from the Post ritual. After the memorial exercises proper the graves of Marion's dead soldiers were strewn with flowers.

The flowers donated for the purpose were plenty and beautiful, and there was not a grave but what was profusely clad in nature's sweet tokens of love and admiration. Besides many of the graves were beautifully remembered by friends and relatives, and Marion cemetery looked its brightest. While the observance of the day on the whole was by no means what it usually is, or what it might have been, the comrades' hearts were in their work and they paid a tribute to their fallen brothers with a will that signified their memory will never be forgotten.

FROM WEDNESDAY'S DAILY.

—John Seits, of LaRue, was in the city yesterday.

—Mrs Rev. Munson returned from her two weeks' visit in Indiana last night.

—'Squire G. N. Myers, of LaRue, was in the city yesterday, attending to legal business.

—Miss Hattie Crabtee, of Wellington, Ohio, is in the city, the guest of J. W. Schrote and wife.

—Jacob Snyder, of the Huber works, is the happy father of an a No 1 opera singer; weight, nine pounds.

—Harry Bunker, of Cleveland, is in the city, called hither on account of his sister's sickness and death.

—Miss Kate Blair, principal of the Marion High school, is in New York State spending the vacation.

—Hiram Riley and wife are back from the West to visit friends and relatives in this vicinity for a couple weeks.

—Miss Gertrude Turney left yesterday for Upper Sandusky, at which place she she will visit friends for a short time.

—George White, the night clerk at the C and A. eating house, has returned to his home in Indiana and George Iler has taken his position.

—Sheriff Beckley accompanied Percy Yager to Chicago last night, not in an official capacity, where Percy will remain, having secured a position there.

—Marion Lodge, No. 70, F. and A. M., have accepted an invitation from the Delaware Lodge to work the Masters degree on a number of candidates in that city next week, at which time the Marion team will show the Delaware boys how it is done.

—The offices in the new court house are being furnished as rapidly as good work will permit, and it is generally expected to dedicate it July 4th, just two years from the laying of the corner stone. Some invitations have been sent out in an informal manner already.

A Leg Broken.

While at school yesterday afternoon a little seven-year-old daughter of Farmer Freeman, residing in Pleasant township, about a half mile west of the Grove Church, fell off a teetering board and broke her right arm in a very serious manner. The humerous bone was fractured and protruded through the flesh and skin, and the little girl remained in this condition nearly five hours before surgical aid could be secured. The fracture was carefully reduced late yesterday and the patient is doing as well as circumstances will permit

FROM THURSDAY'S DAILY.

—V. H. Kling has been spending the fore part of this week in Mansfield.

—S. E. Barlow, treasurer of the Huber Co., was in Mansfield today on a business trip.

—Miss Minnie Kirts, of Prospect, is visiting Miss Vena Matthews, on Gospel Hill.

—Sam'l Lilley was appointed guardian of Liba Smith in probate court yesterday.

—Mrs. Mary Hanna, of Matteon, Ill., is visiting friends and relatives in this city.

—James O. Uncapher, living one mile south of town, is suffering with a spell of quinsy.

—George Frush came up from Richwood yesterday and spent the day with Marionites

—Misses Carrie Wallace, Allie Fairfield and Florence Sauter visited the Capital yesterday afternoon

—Geo W Trump and wife, of Canton, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M L Gibbs, on south West street.

—Miss Iscah Quigley, who has been visiting in Marion for the past few weeks, returned to her home in LaRue today.

—The festival at the City Hall last evening was a splendid success It netted the church a financial profit of about $30.

—Zoe Codding accompanied her uncle, Rev. J. C. Roe, to Mansfield today where she will visit her grandma for a couple of weeks.

—Chauncey E. Worline and Della M. Bebout were licensed to wed this morning. This will Bebout the last day Della retains her maiden name.

—Cardington Independent: Mrs. Mary Essel, of Pleasant township, Marion county, is down with stomach trouble. She is not expected to live.

—Olliphant & McIllvaine, proprietors of the "O. & M." saloon, moved out of town Monday morning. They regarded the Dow tax too high for their location.

—The Calef Company left for Akron on the N. Y., P. and O. after a three nights' engagement, where they close for the season. And yet we have not seen Jennie Calef.

—Rev. A. C. Barnes, pastor of the M. E. Church in this city, and Rev. W. G. Waters, D. D., pastor of Williams street M. E. Church, Delaware, O., will exchange pulpits next Sabbath.

—Mrs. Frank Winters, Mrs. Wilber Bolden and Miss Stella Wynegar drove up from Richwood this morning and spent the day with Mrs Will J. Blair, on Gospel Hill, south West street.

—T. J. Potter, first vice president of the C. B. and Q. railroad, is to make a trip over the Bee Line, and if he finds the property of the road in the excellent shape that has been represented to him, he will accept the presidency.

—Everybody should hear Dr. Leonard, at Music Hall, at half past two o'clock on Saturday, June 5th. He is the ablest exponent of the temperance cause in Ohio and will give an address full of truths and interest to everybody.

—Col Chas. Sweney will probably now give up speculation. Charley bought Pettit's share of last night's receipts, expecting the Hall to be pretty well filled, but people didn't come in great numbers and he speculated out of pocket

—The assessors' returns show that the saloons in this county as follows Marion 34, Prospect 5, Green Camp 3, Caledonia 4, LaRue 6, New Bloomington 2, Waldo 2, Big Island 1, Scott Town 1. It is estimated that the Dow law closes six in the county, if not more than that number.

Chattel Mortgages.

The law in reference to chattel mortgages has been so amended that such shall be deposited with the township clerk of the township where the mortgagor resides at the time of the execution thereof, if a resident of the State, and if not such resident, then with the clerk of the township in which the property so mortgagod is situated at the time of the execution of the instrument, but when the mortgagor is a resident of a township where the office of county recorder is kept, or when the mortgagor is a resident of a township entirely merged in a city or incorporated village in which the office of county recorder is kept, or when he is a non-resident of the State, and the property is within such township, the mortgage shall be filed with the county recorder.

State Pharmacy Association.

E. C. Walt is now in attendance at the eighth annual meeting of the Ohio State Pharmaceutical Association, in session June 2d, 3d and 4th, at Springfield, O.

The association was organised in 1878 and incorporated in 1880, for the purpose of creating a friendly feeling among the pharmacists of this State to discuss matters relating to the welfare of the profession at the annual meetings, and to elevate the art of pharmacy All this has been accomplished, and today Ohio's pharmacy law is considered a model in the United States, and is patterned after by other States. To more thoroughly enforce the law the support of the association is required and in turn should have the support of all the citizens in this State.

THE BET ACCEPTED.

Mae McWilliams Accepts the Wager of the State Editor of the Cleveland Press and Will Bake the Bread.

If the red-headed State quill-driver of the Cleveland Press is wearing last year's hat he had better hustle for credit at some hatter's as Mae McWilliams has accepted his wager that she can't bake bread, and he is sure to lose. Miss Mae long ago learned to mix flour and yeast to the right consistency and can bake bread that would well grace any table and, of course, doesn't like the Press man's insinuations.

Nothing daunted by his paragraph she accepts the challenge and will express the criticising paragrapher a loaf of wheat bread, one of corn and a delicious sweet cake with which to appease his appetite in a way uncommon to newspaper men, and with these she will send an affidavit that she did the work herself The hat the Press man wagered will be demanded and when it comes the graduating class will assist Mae in taking an exact measurement to see the size he wears

It won't do for the Press to tackle a Marion girl, for the handsome young ladies that adorn Marion are accomplished socially and educationally, and are up to snuff in the culinary arts

Jailed to Keep the Peace.

Henry Hile, a personage whose looks and size is indicative of harm to nobody, was jailed last night about six o'clock on his failure to give bond for his good behavior.

Hile, it seems, has been having a right lively family fracas with his son, Daniel Hile, and upon the latter's complaint 'Squire Payne asked bond for an assurance that he would keep the peace, as the law terms it Nobody was at hand willing to guarantee Henry's good behavior and he had to go to jail, where he has five companions to keep him company.

THE CITY COUNCIL.

The Street and Alley Committee Still Has Its Hands Full—Council Proceedings in General.

The council met in regular monthly session last evening with all the members present

After calling the body to order Mayor Gailey retired from the presiding chair and J. F. McNeal held the gavel for the evening.

The first business transacted was authorizing the Mayor to sign contract with Sun Vapor Light Co, of Canton, for lighting the streets outside the gas limits.

The Street and Alley committee reported unfavorably on the petition of Isabelle Bresler for sidewalk, but recommended shaping up of sidewalks and good cleaning of stone and rubbish from the street.

The same committee reported favorably on widening the alley south of Mr. Huber's residence to width of a street and will further investigate the matter

J. W. Simpson petitioned the council for a ditch on the south side of the alley near his residence and the same was referred to the Street and Alley committee.

The same committee reported adversely on the petition of George Bloom for a sidewalk on Mark street

H C. Sharpless & Co. petitioned for a drain tile on the east side of West street to sewer and the same was referred to the Street and Alley committee

A proposition was offered that the corporation re-lay the sidewalk and replace fence in front of Mrs N Clark's property after grading west South street.

The annual resolution regarding repair of sidewalks was passed.

The Street and Alley committee recommend the stoning of Elm and Mill streets north of Center, and also the alley between Casson and Kraner's property.

L. McGrath, John O'Connor, M Lannon and Thomas Collins had petitioned for the position of railroad watchman at the Oak street crossing M Lannon wrote the honorable body a letter full of reverence and taffy, but a ballot was resorted to for a decision. It took ten ballots to decide, when Thos Collins came out on top with five votes and was appointed.

The Sanitary committee was given further time to report on the feasibility of a big sewer to the Scioto, after which council adjourned.

In Memoriam.

Sister Stella N. Bunker was born in Zanesville, Ohio, July 27, 1861, and died in Marion, Ohio, May 31, 1886, aged 24 years, 10 months and 4 days. She was converted and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church under the labors of Rev. L. C. Webster, January 12, 1878, was received into full communion September 1, 1878, and remained steadfast in her church relations, consistent in her christian life, and conscientious in all her work until called by the head of the church triumphant to her home in the skies. From the day of her espousals to God, her religious life was quiet, even and strong, was passed in the presence of and was known by you all. She endeared herself greatly to the church of her choice; was faithful and efficient in Sunday-school service, and won the respect and high regard of all her associates, during about seven years' labor in the union schools.

Her history is before you and now she is gone, but the life you have seen and her record is on high. Two weeks ago today she rode to the cemetery to the family lot of a burial place, looked long and earnestly upon the spot where she knew that by the side of her kindred dust she must shortly lie. She has often talked in a quiet, thoughtful manner of death, and her readiness for the great change, and when it came with its summons to the swellings of Jordan she was found not flinching, but prepared and waiting the call to go up higher.

She was the second young lady whose acquaintance I made on coming to this Pastorate and she at once impressed me with her sterling qualities and unaffected lady-like manners For several months she has been a great sufferer, but patient through it all, while slowly but surely descending to the narrow house.

"O shroud of death so soft and pure,
Like starlight upon marble fair!
Ah! surely it is life, not death,
That in still beauty sleepeth there "
"There is weeping on the earth for the lost,
There is bowing in grief to the ground!
But rejoicing and praise mid the sanctified host
For a spirit in Paradise found!
And a new harp is strung and a new song is given
To the breezes that float o'er the garden of heaven

The funeral services were conducted at the house, and largely attended to the cemetery, where the precious dust was deposited to await the voice of the arch angel and the trump of God

June 2, 1886 A. C. Barnes

FROM HYDE, COLORADO.

Pointers For Any Who Contemplate Locating in the Far West—The Catechism.

Hyde, Col., May 29, '86

This being a settlement of government land settlers nearly everyone is familiar with the rules and regulations in regard to settling on government land, although it has been hard work to keep up with Land Commissioner Spark's ruling since he has held that office Thinking it might interest some readers of the Star I will give a synopsis of the laws and customs Government land is now subject to entry under three provisions, viz pre emption laws, homestead laws and timber culture act. More people take land under the provisions of the timber culture act than any other, because they can do so without making their residence on the claim, and can arrange with an agent to have the work done on it. The law requires that ten acres of timber be planted within four years from date of entry on a claim—160 acres. This timber planting may be plants, seeds or cuttings The claimant must make proof at the land office of the district in which the claim is situated Sometime between the eighth and thirteenth years that he has the requisite number of living trees on his claim or if he has failed must make proof that he has made reasonable effort To take land under the pre emption act the pre-emptor must make some kind of improvement on the claim, or if there has been a filing and improvement, must make some additional improvement then within three months from time of making improvement, must file a declaratory statement in the land office of the district in which the claim is situated. At any time between six months and thirty-three months from date of settlement he may make proof before the receiver or register of land office that he has continually lived on for six months and cultivated a portion of his claim The claimant must, however, publish for thirty days in some newspaper, designated by the officer, his intention of making final proof with date, in order that any other person holding claim to the land may appear and contest his right. A half dozen person may file on a pre-emption and make improvements but the final proof will tell the story to whom it belongs, however, there are comparatively few claims contested, because most of the settlers employ a "locater" to find them a claim, charges from $5 to $10 per claim for locating and making out the papers, for he is usually a notary public Under the homestead law the settler must appear in person or represented by an agent at the land office to to file his declaration. Under this law he may after six months' residence and cultivation make proof and "pay out" at government price per acre or from five to seven years residence entitles him to a patent free gratis. The pre emption laws has been used more than the homestead for two reasons First—The settler may file on a pre emption before any notary, while under the homestead law he must go to the land office. Second—That Congress threatens to repeal the pre emption and timber culture laws, and most of the settlers wish to leave the homestead for the last, thinking that will continue in force.

There is a great deal of complaint among the settlers in regard to what they term "Spark's Whims" The Bismark Tribune gives the following list of questions as Spark's latest in making proof in pre emption and commuted homestead cases

1st In what state were you born and is your mother a woman?

2d Are you a Christian or a Democrat?

3d. What is your sex and how do you know?

4th. Does your wife cook potatoes with the skins on?

5th What is the difference between a hypothetical hyperbola and a perpendicular parallelogram?

6th What was your name before you left the states?

7th Do you want the land for a farm or a skating rink?

8th Does your wife's folks live with you, and how old is your grandmother?

9th. Have you ever told a lie?

10th If so, has it ever been found out? Hunter

CORRESPONDENCE.

GREEN CAMP.

All is quiet on the banks of the Scioto at Green Camp.

The order of exercises for Decoration Day here were carried out with a good degree of success last Saturday The picnic and speaking at the grove was well attended in the afternoon The old soldiers did not exhibit quite as much interest in the proceedings as would be expected on the occasion Hope they will mend their ways in the future

John Orr, the victim of the riot, is convalescing, and we would advise him, with others, to shun the places where drinkers, gamblers and assassins congregate

G C will be honored by the presence of a large number of clerical gentlemen next week, as the Free Baptist central yearly meeting will be in session here from the 9th to the 13th inst, inclusive

The first commencement exercises of the Green Camp public schools will be the principal event of the present week, which will be held Friday evening at the M E Church

The health is good in this vicinity and the doctors are taking their ease awaiting their opportunity Moza.

WALDO.

Have not heard anything about railroad for so long that we reckon the scheme has been given out

William Gabler is on the sick list with a lame back

J S Lunger will visit Columbus this week where he has a sister living.

The Waldo Band received an invitation to attend the dedication of the court house

Some of our young folks attended decoration at other places during Sunday and Monday

The Waldo Union School will close its nine months' term the 11th of June, and the superintendent invites everybody to visit the school ere that time and see how they are getting along We expect Sup't Crouse, of Marion, Rev Yale, of Prospect, and Sup't Robinson, of Agosta, to address us during the evening of the entertainment, which will be the sam as above

Last Saturday everything was wafte with the sweet odors of "red white an blue" for our honorable veterans.

Quite a number of our town folks visited Marion last Saturday.

John Brundidge, just south of town, lost a very valuable horse last week with the colic.

None from this place attended the graduating exercises at Marion of the pupils from the Union School, owing to an entertainment at this place during the same evening.

Everybody invited to attend the entertainment at this place during the evening of the 11th of June Nix

AGOSTA.

Too much business and sickness on hand to write last week

Police court was in session most of last week Night rowdying must and shall be stopped or the Cleveland work will be filled

Memorial service was held Sunday at the M E Church, Rev. Donan preaching an excellent sermon suitable for the occasion. The G A R formed in line at their hall and, headed by the band with appropriate music, marched to the church

A band festival was held at the G A. R Hall Monday evening. A good attendance was present and an enjoyable time had.

Thompson Mount and wife, of Richwood, were visiting with your humble correspondent Sunday

Miss Emma Tonguet is still in a feeble condition, although regaining her health slowly

Josh Berger is improving in health rapidly and will soon be able to be around

P R Reed met with quite an accident Sunday, by being thrown from his bicycle near Richwood We are not informed as to particulars, but he is seriously injured

A part of the material is on hand for the Normal building. They expect to comence school the 17th of August.

Justice

LARUE

All seems to be quiet. A little cyclone struck LaRue in our place. Two females had a fight or as I am informed made the attack and did the fighting. Otherwise decoration day passed off pleasantly here.

The catholics are wearing their good clothes, their bishop is to be here.

I notice that A. B Leonard is to be in Marion soon he certainly ought to be highly honored A man that was a leader in making speeches in the time of the strike in Springfield, and courted the influence of the strikers, and did his best to elect the strikers' ticket, and it was elected by strikers, Democrats and Prohibitionists, as I learn. I will not be there to honor his aspirations—all doomed to die. I don't want to see or to hear him

I hope that the Dow law will be enforced to the full extent, and that Ohio will elect the whole congressional delegation next fall, the people are aroused.

LaRue is prospering and is destined to prosper, the country around is good and peopled with a meritorious people generally

E Myers and H Thew are down sick and have been for a long time, and I am not able to be about and do much

The wedding came off The groom is an Indiana man They leave tomorrow for their new home near Marion, Indiana C

PROSPECT.

Decoration Day was observed here yesterday with appropriate services at the cemetery The memorial sermon was preached by Chaplain Griffith Sunday afternoon at the Reform Church

Mr Murphy, of Kenton, is sinking wells here for the use of the fire department

The Star Band went to Richwood yesterday.

The pupils of the Normal pick nicked down the river last Friday.

Elder Belt held quarterly meeting here Saturday and Sunday

The Yale Normal University Business College occupies the entire second floor of the large building on the corner of Main and Water streets The rooms are being fitted up in elegant style, and will be ready to begin the regular commercial work the first of July No better location nor better facilities for obtaining business education can be found in the State. Grapho.

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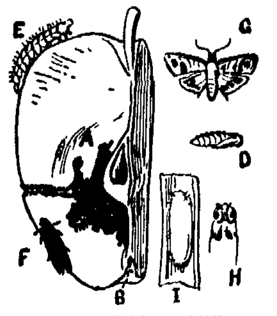
FARM AND GARDEN

To Destroy the Codling Moth.

Professor A J Cook, of the Michigan Agricultural college, has conferred a lasting boon on American fruit growers in his bulletin on the codling moth, or nasty, filthy apple worm Those who have tried the method he recommends declare it is invaluable, that by it they are enabled to raise apple crops with *scarcely a wormy one in* the lot. It is simply to spray the trees just at the close of blossoming time with London purple or Paris green dissolved in water These are preparations containing arsenic The spraying is done by a force pump and barrel, which is hauled through the orchard An Iowa farmer named John Dixon discovered the method many years ago He used the white arsenic But this is more dangerous than the other preparations because it is so apt to be mistaken for something else Professor Cook gives illustrations and descriptions of the codling moth, as follows



CODLING MOTH AND WORM

The moth, F and G, is accurately represented in the picture in form and size. The main color is gray flecked with darker dots and bars, and with a characteristic copper colored spot at the end of its front wings. This spot will always enable one to distinguish this moth Every apple grower should put wormy apples in a small box and rear the moths, that there may be no doubt *about the species. In May, about two weeks* after the blossoms appear, the female moth commences to lay eggs in the calyx of the blossoms, B These soon hatch, when the minute larva (shown full grown, E) eats into the apple and feeds upon the pulp about the core, filling the space with its fecal filth

These spring moths continue to come from cellar or apple house till July I have taken such moths July 4 on the screen of my cellar window The whitish larvæ attain their full growth in about four weeks. This period will be lengthened by cold and shortened by heat. When mature the larva leaves the apple, which may have fallen to the ground, and seeks a secluded place in which to spin its cocoon (I) and pupate The pupa or chrysalis (D) is much like those of other moths. The pupæ of the June and July *larvæ are found in the cocoons soon after the* latter are formed, while those of the autumn larvæ do not pupate till spring, but pass the winter as larvæ in the cocoons. The eggs of the second brood are laid in July, August and September The larva feed in autumn, and often till mid-winter, while as just stated they do not pupate till spring

Professor Cook prefers London purple to Paris green because it is cheaper and easier to mix in the water The mixture is as follows I mix the powder one pound to fifty gallons of water It is best to wet the powder thoroughly and make a paste before putting it into the vessel of water, that it may all mix, and not form lumps For a few trees we may use a pail and Whiteman's Fountain pump, always keeping the liquid well stirred One common pail of the liquid will suffice for the largest tree A teaspoonful of the poison is enough for a pailful of water For a large orchard common barrels should be used, drawn in a wagon I prefer to have the barrels stand on end with a close movable float with two holes through it, one *for the pipe or hose from the pump and the* other for a stirrer If very large orchards are to be treated a good force pump should be fastened to the barrel. In western New York the handle of the pump is attached to the wagon wheel, so that no hand power is required other than to drive the team and manage the pipe which carries the spray The spray may be caused by a fine perforated nozzle or a cyclone nozzle. The finer it is the less liquid will be required The important thing is to scatter the spray on all the fruit, and get just as little on as possible The larva is killed by eating the poison, and we find that the faintest trace suffices for the purpose. Again, the poison should be applied early, by the time the fruit is the size of a small pea. I have found one such application to work wonders There is no doubt but that the first application, followed by one or two others at intervals of two or three weeks, would be more thorough, yet I have found one application, made early, so effective that I have wondered whether it is best or necessary *to make more than one application* I do think however that it must be early In May and June the calyx of the apple is up, and so the poison is retained sufficiently long to kill most all of the insects

One more count in favor of this treatment is the further good we receive by killing the several phytophagous larvæ that attack the foliage of the apple at this early period when defoliation is so harmful Thus the terrible canker worm, the several destructive leaf rollers which even eat out the very buds and that old pest, the tent caterpillar, are all made to bite the sod Very likely, too, the plum gouger, which so deforms the apple in Wisconsin may also find in this remedy its death warrant

The danger from this practice I have proved to be nothing at all The microscope and chemical analysis have both shown that all the poison has been removed long before we wish to eat the fruit The wind no less than the rain helps to effect this removal as I have shown by putting the poison on plants sheltered from all rains Of course we should not turn stock into an orchard till a heavy rain has washed the poison from all herbage under the trees

Where one farmer did not feel able to afford the pump several might buy one in partnership and use it turn about Spraying once a week from the beginning, just as the apples go out of bloom will cure the worst orchard that grows, not only of the codling moth but also of the caterpillar and other pests. Its use has such marked effect that where one side of a tree has been sprayed and the other side left as an experiment, the sprayed side bore sound apples the other side wormy ones

Homemade Cheese

The following plain and simple method of making cheese is given by The American Agriculturist in a late number The pan containing the milk must be placed in another pan holding water to prevent scorching the milk Heat and pour it into the mass of milk in the tub until all reaches 80 degs. Add sufficient prepared rennet to coagulate the milk in forty five minutes. When the mass readily splits apart in pressing the finger in it, cut into blocks with the curd knife. Let it rest for fifteen minutes Now carefully break the curd by slowly lifting it with the hands, fingers apart, to the surface of the whey, and when well broken let it rest fifteen minutes. Now dip off a portion of the whey into pans on the stove, and continue breaking the curds until the size of chestnuts and continue pouring in the warm whey, until *the mass reaches 98 degs. Let it rest for half* an hour, when it must be stirred slowly until the curds show a firm consistency Press some together in the hand, and when released, if it readily falls to pieces, it is ready for draining Throw a cloth strainer over the tub, and dip off the whey down to the curd then put the strainer on a willow clothes basket, and dip the curd into it to drain Break up the curds with the hands, and when pretty dry, salt at the rate of four ounces of salt to ten pounds of curd mix it thoroughly and put to press. After the cheese has been four hours in the press, turn and press again, leaving it in over night, when it may be removed to the shelf Rub with butter, and turn daily until ripe Small cheeses need no bandage and little pressure.

Drains in Clay Soils.

Water soaks slowly through clay, especially when it has been cultivated thoroughly If underdrains are run in clay fields there is danger that at the upper end, if considerable water flows in, it will carry with it sediment and thus close up the tile To prevent this sink a well at the head of the ditch, two or three feet lower than the bottom of the outlet This will hold the dirt, and by clearing out once a year the drain will keep in order forever Where the drains run through clays the water will soak down to them better after the frosts of a few winters have opened the soil

Preserving Eggs.

The very low price of eggs has this year come unusually early, and it is now so much lower than it has averaged of late years that the chances are rather for an advance before fall Certainly eggs at present rates are cheap food, and whoever will preserve them until winter will be pretty sure of a profit. Dipping the eggs in strong lime water and *then packing in salt is a safe way to preserve* them They should be in a tight box, which should be turned over every two or three days to prevent the yolk from settling down so as to touch the shell.

For Potato Bugs.

Paris green or London purple, to destroy the potato bug, is more economically applied with plaster or ground gypsum than with water, and the results are better Mix one part of poison with one hundred parts, by weight, of plaster Too much of the poison injures the foliage. If sufficient care is used in the thorough mixture of the substance Paris green can be used in the proportion of one to one hundred and fifty

Cause of Bad Butter.

One cause of much of the bad butter in market is the unclean condition of many farmers' cellars Decaying vegetables taint the air, and their odors are absorbed by the milk, to reappear in whatever is made from it. If the meat barrel becomes at all *tainted it should be at once removed. In fact*, wherever milk and cream are kept in cellars they should be in different rooms from the pork barrel.

Things to Do and to Know.

More than 1,000,000 trees were planted in Nebraska on Arbor day

"A little feed at milking time will make a cow give down her milk.

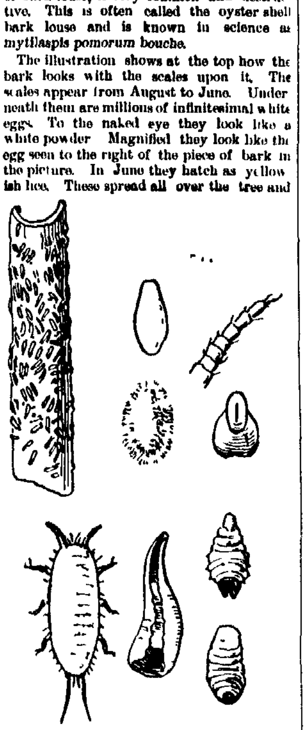
Three valuable implements on the farm are the Climax disk barrow, the Acme harrow and the McColm pulverizer

An Iowa farmer says that he succeeds well with wire fence for hogs. He uses wire with posts a rod apart. He puts the first four wires only four inches apart at the bottom

Apple Tree Bark or Scale Louse.

Professor Cook recommends a remedy for this. He writes of it The apple scale or bark louse, is very common and destructive. This is often called the oyster shell bark louse and is known in science as *mytilaspis pomorum bouche.*

The illustration shows at the top how the bark looks with the scales upon it. The scales appear from August to June. Underneath them are millions of infinitesimal white eggs. To the naked eye they look like a white powder Magnified they look like the egg seen to the right of the piece of bark in the picture. In June they hatch as yellowish lice. These spread all over the tree and suck its juices By August they in turn are developed fully, secrete the yellowish white scale and lay eggs under it They often destroy whole large trees



SCALE LOUSE, MUCH MAGNIFIED

PROFESSOR COOK'S REMEDY

The old remedy, soft soap or a strong solution of the same, will surely vanquish this enemy if it is applied in early June and again three weeks later I have proved the efficacy of this treatment over and over again The trees at once put on new vigor, and in a short time only dead lice could be found To apply this specific I know of no better way than to use a cloth and scrub by hand to be sure we can, if dainty use a brush like a shoe brush, but I like to go at it with a good cloth, when, with sleeves rolled up I make pretty sure that no louse escapes.

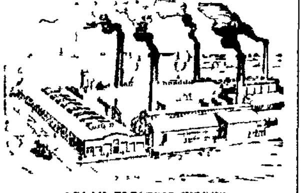
For the past few years I have changed the substance by adding crude carbolic acid which I think improves it, especially if but one application is to be made and we know that at this busy season the second application is apt to be neglected.

I heat to the boiling point one quart of soft soap to two gallons of water, and while still hot thoroughly stir in one pint of crude carbolic acid. This may be applied as before This carbolic acid mixture retains its virtue I think, longer than does the soap alone and so is especially desirable when but one application is to be made as described above. This scrubbing off of the tree trunks and bark kills not only the scale louse, but also the apple tree borer

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS

The Brush Electric Works.

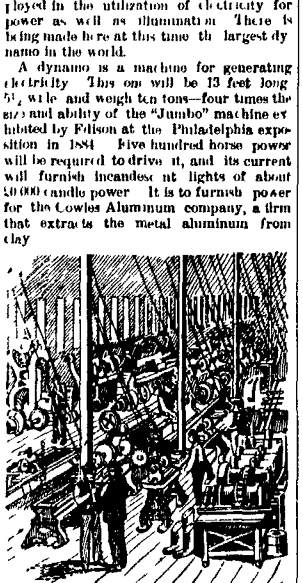
The Brush electric light, in name at least is familiar to most of our readers. Most of them too, have seen the dazzling moon like lights that are fixed at elevations here and there to give light to cities and towns This is the arc electric light, and the type of it is that made at Cleveland, O, in the factory named for Charles F Brush, the inventor The works are very large, covering seven acres of ground This is one-fifth as large as the Krupp gun factory in Germany



BRUSH ELECTRIC WORKS

The Brush factory makes arcs armatures dynamos, motors and other machinery employed in the utilization of electricity for power as well as illumination There is being made here at this time the largest dynamo in the world.

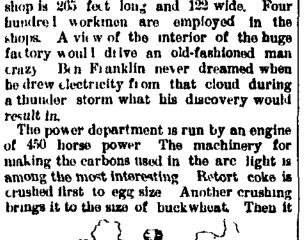
A dynamo is a machine for generating electricity This one will be 13 feet long 5½ wide and weigh ten tons—four times the size and ability of the "Jumbo" machine exhibited by Edison at the Philadelphia exposition in 1884 Five hundred horse power will be required to drive it, and its current will furnish incandescent lights of about 50,000 candle power It is to furnish power for the Cowles Aluminum company, a firm that extracts the metal aluminum from clay



GENERAL MACHINE ROOM.

The five great chimneys seen in the picture are each 125 feet high The main machine shop is 265 feet long and 122 wide. Four hundred workmen are employed in the shops. A view of the interior of the huge factory would drive an old-fashioned man crazy Ben Franklin never dreamed when he drew electricity from that cloud during a thunder storm what his discovery would *result in.*

The power department is run by an engine of 450 horse power The machinery for making the carbons used in the arc light is among the most interesting Retort coke is crushed first to egg size Another crushing brings it to the size of buckwheat. Then it runs through burrs and bolting cloths, like so much wheat for flour, and comes out the finest possible powder Then it is shaped in molds for use, and the pressure on each small mold is 300 pounds. After that the carbons are dried in an oven for a week Then they are inspected, plated with copper *and packed for shipping* Of these carbons for electric lighting 50,000 a day are made



BRUSH'S LABORATORY

In a neat cottage on the grounds the inventor, Charles J Brush, is experimenting constantly—thinking out improvements and new devices The capital stock of the company is $25,000,000, and they are the sole owners of all the Brush patents.

The winding of the wires upon magnets and armatures occupies another department that is full of interest. The wire has to be drawn so carefully and cleanly that no speck of a foreign substance can get into its texture Such a foreign speck is called a 'nigger" in electric manufacturing parlance. The smallest nigger stopping the passage of the lightning current would burn the armature The length of the wire that winds the magnets and armature must be exact to one-thousandth of an inch Electric lighting apparatus from the Brush factory is used in every country in the civilized world. Storage batteries for holding electricity and retaining it so that it can be carried from one place to another are among the things manufactured But these do not seem to have yet been a distinguished success anywhere.

The Planets Were Suns.

There seems reason to believe that every orb in space passes through stages of orb life which may be divided roughly into three—the sunlike, the earthlike and the moonlike—and, therefore, we must recognize in the past history of our earth a time when her energies were far more active than those she now has. We cannot infer her power of ejecting matter from her interior, when she was in the sunlike state, from that which she possesses now when she is in the middle of the life bearing portion of her career When she was a sun she was a very small sun, a mere dwarf compared with the giant Jupiter when he was a sun and a mere speck of light compared with the mighty sun which rules our system. Yet she probably possessed then eruptive powers compared with which those she now possesses are as naught. But Krakatoa taught us recently—as at other times the earth throes of Peru and Chili, of Sicily Naples, Spain and Iceland have taught us—that the earth's eruptive energies are even now in no sense contemptible.

Chimneys Without Corners.

It often happens that chimneys are now built round, without corners to retard the draught. This is done by inserting in the chimney as the building progresses, cores consisting of iron pipes cast in sections, or tile piping Air spaces are thus left between the core of the chimney and the outer wall, and of course the air in this space becomes heated to a high temperature It is quite practicable to utilize this air for heating purposes, if this is found desirable The air spaces being closed at the top, and openings being made to the open air at the base of the chimney, tin piping is connected with the spaces for *conducting the heat to different parts of the factory* Of course this method is not designed for heating the stories nearest the ground, as the current of air in ascending has not had sufficient exposure to become heated until it has reached the third or fourth story of the building

Not long since, in building a chimney for boilers the chimney was built round, and thus without corners to retard the draught. No brick core was used, but a cast iron pipe, cast in sections, was set in for a core, and a space of six inches left for an air space, open to the air outside the chimney The air space was closed at top of the chimney, sixteen inch tin piping being laid from the third story of the factory to the air space. Notwithstanding numerous predictions that the draught would be spoiled the third story *and part of the fourth in that factory* are now warmed from the air space in the chimney —Power

Old and Young Sleeping Together.

A common and most grievous mistake is to *have children sleep with aged persons.* A straw pallet on the floor would be far better During the nutritive regeneration of the tissues, which takes place during sleep in all persons, the child would be the heavy loser, if lying in sleep close to a person of declining years. Instances are not lacking to prove the truth of this statement. No one has a right to rob a child of the birthright of sound health to gratify the selfish whims of aged persons, who are often to blame for urging children to this course.

As far as can be done, children should have separate beds, even if two are in the same room. It is both better for health and more conducive to sound, refreshing sleep, which is much the same thing. Parents, as they regard the lives of the young under their care, should see to it that they do not *suffer during the important* period of early life that is given to sleep

Electrical Inventions.

The greatest number of inventions on any one subject in 1885 are those relating to electricity, the number last year being 1,358, or 5 78 per cent. of the whole number, which was 23,330 The number of the last patent issued in 1885 was 333,493; of these about 265,672 are now in force (perhaps a few more than that number), which is about the number that was granted in the last seventeen years up to the first of last January

Facts of Interest.

A New York colored man is interesting the doctors and others by eating glass as a boy *would a pie.*

Owing to the labors of the United States fish commission there is a great increase in shad this year

A new company has been formed for the extension by submarine cables of telegraphic *communication on the west coast of Africa.*

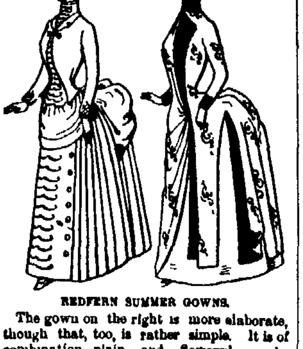
An international maritime exhibition will be held in Havre, May 1 of next year, to be devoted to all kinds of sailing or steam ships, engines, life-saving contrivances, fisheries, and the products of the French colonies. *Applications to exhibit may be made to the* Direction de l'Exposition Maritime Internationale, 118 Rue de Paris, Havre.

THE FASHIONS

Redfern Dress Designs.

The following are selected from some designs kindly sent us by the Redferns' New York house. They are quite new, having just arrived from London.

They are very stylish and quite unlike most of the patterns that have been issued heretofore. The designs need no particular explanation. They are simply made, with large tournures and are very high in the neck. The gigantic tournure is especially noticeable. It is evidently the last tremendous splurge, so to speak, of the bustle before it vanishes altogether The gown on the left is of plain wool or gingham goods, with skirt plaited on the sides and back, and draped very high and full. The plain front is braided and fastened with large buttons at one or both sides. Basque cut with vest front and coat collar Vest and sleeves at the wrist braided to match skirt.



REDFERN SUMMER GOWNS.

The gown on the right is more elaborate, though that, too, is rather simple. It is of combination plain and flowered goods, trimmed with a plain, darker color in panels, and on the revers at the waist, and on the cuffs and collar. The skirt at the back is plain. Over it is a long polonaise, draped slightly at the back. It is open at the side of the waist, the opening concealed beneath the revers. It is fastened by small buttons placed out of sight. The front of the polonaise is cut in one piece. At the side where the opening is a portion of it is tucked in folds under the back, just below the waist. This gives the graceful, wrinkled apron front now so fashionable. The folds are gathered closely, almost like a knot, at the point where the front is lapped under the side.

Men's Clothes.

The new materials for men's spring and summer clothing show a preference for light colors, and the use of plaids and stripes. In cutting new garments, coats and vests are made to open lower at the neck, showing more of the scarf and something of the shirt bosom. Sack coats are now slightly curved in at the waist in English fashion. Trousers are wider, and are quite straight.

The only change in evening dress suits is the more general use of white vests. Black vests are of course still worn, and three or four vests are sometimes sent home with each black dress coat. White satin vests have a slight vine of embroidery as a border in the fine needlework done in convents black satin and cloth vests are similarly wrought. The swallow tail coat is of the fine black cloth called cashmere, and is cut with very low lapels widely faced with silk, the trousers are of the same cloth.

Norfolk jacket suits for the country are made of homespuns and cheviots in large plaids of gray, brown and mixed colors. The belted jacket has wide box plaits and knee breeches to be worn with ribbed stockings. The regular shooting suits and the country suits worn by Englishmen are of tan and yellowish brown, in blocks or bars, or plaided with ecru, made with a plaited and belted coat, with a cap to match. The very large trousers are then caught in at the knees with a wide band of doeskin, and are worn with long buttoned gaiters of the doeskin

Cream white grounds are the fancy of the moment for neckties for all hours of the day and evening They come in long strips two inches wide and must be tied by the wearer in the slender small closely tied knot called the sailor's knot Some flat folded scarfs are shown, but these are also now made narrower, and the sailor knot is preferred. These come in plain cream white satin, China crape, or ottoman silk for day weddings and *receptions* For more general wear they have dashes, lines, bars, checks, dots or fanciful small figures of color—blue, black, brown or red—and are made of silk, surah, foulard, Louisine, or exquisitely fine India silk White pique scarfs are shown in the same shape, embroidered with white or colored dots

Plain shield shaped shirt bosoms are still made of three thicknesses of linen, without ornamental stitching These are fastened by two studs of white enamel, and are worn for day and evening alike

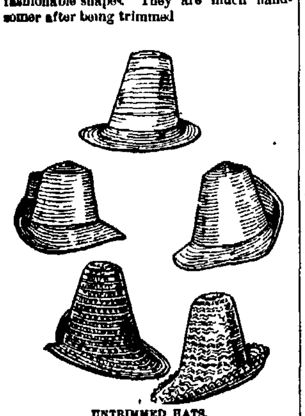
Black socks remain in favor for dress occasions, and only very dark socks are worn at any time with low shoes Very narrow stripes of a color, or black with white, are also shown in silk and lisle thread hose. Buttoned gaiters of calfskin are worn in the street, and of patent leather for dress, they are now made with wider toes, round, or half round, and with low heels.

Stiff high black silk hats for dress have been more worn than at any previous spring season, and will be followed in the summer *by light pearl colored and silvery drab* cassimere hats of similar styles. —Harper's Bazar

Untrimmed Straw Hats.

Any way one likes is fashionable for hat trimmings this season, in front, behind or at the side.

The illustration shows a few of the most fashionable shapes. They are much handsomer after being trimmed



UNTRIMMED HATS.

At the top of the picture is an olive green English straw with bands of cream colored straw interwoven. On the left below is a snuff-colored straw hat with wide poke brim sloping narrower to the back. There it is turned up into a straw braid bow On the right, opposite, is a bronze straw hat with a brim that is narrow in front, and wide at the back, where it is turned up in a high point. At the bottom is a very pretty round hat of white open work straw, with high crown and round brim.

Basques.

Basques for general wear are not at all changed in shape from those worn for two seasons past, with pointed front, short over the hips, and with postilion plaited backs. The double-breasted front, the one cut diagonally, and outlined with a single velvet rever, the Moliere vest, the surplice, plaited *on the shoulders and shirred at the belt, and* the plain bodice simply crossed with nuns' folds of the dress fabric, all remain in fashion The shoulder seams are still short, and the sleeve is still high shouldered, but not made at all full at the top of the armhole as formerly

Lace Dresses.

Lace skirts, consisting of wide flouncings or narrow plaitings set upon foundations of surah, and worn under polonaises of various elegant summer silks and other rich materials, will be among the most charming dresses for summer wear, for either day or evening toilets. Shot silk will often be used for the slips of princess dresses made wholly of lace, and the ribbon trimmings used upon the dress will match exactly the two shades of the changeable silk foundation—pale gold and mauve tea rose and turquoise blue, and pink and silver being favorite combinations.

For Boys.

For small boys to wear in the country are *imported jersey suits of soft yet strong wool* with shirt and knee breeches, one of which must be plain and the other striped across, as a navy blue and red shirt, with plain blue trousers, and vice versa. Fashionable and sensible mothers choose these simple, easily fitted and durable suits, with jersey caps to match in dark colors, for comfortable summer garments that will permit rough usage, and endure the small boy's usual disregard of his clothes. Light blue and white suits are also shown

Pin for Eyeglasses.

Ladies requiring eyeglasses will find the use of a new safety pin, made both in gold and silver, which is provided with a hook for holding the glasses As the safety pin can be worn either on a dress or on a mantle, it conveniently holds the glasses always at hand and saves the wearer, as is too often the case, from entangling the eye glasses in the watch chain.

FASHIONLETS.

Full skirts and round waists are the features of little girls' frocks

American ginghams are very fine this season and some are seen in Japanese patterns.

Worth, who does not believe in plaitings and rufflings for mourning dresses, says "Crape may be as rich in effect as velvet, but its peculiar grace is lost when it is snipped into little pieces.

Changeable silks and satins overshot with *rice dots*, minute polka dots, miniature foliage and floral devices, and tiny geometrical figures are elegant, choice and novel. These fabrics are worn as polonaises or as bodices and tunics over plain silk or satin skirts, or over those of striped materials whose colors correspond with those of the shot silk overdresses.

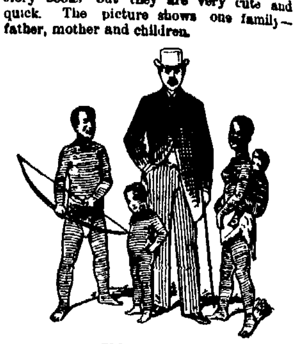
For ladies who do not like to wear a stiff bustle or tournure, the best substitute is a cambric petticoat with flounces all the way from the waist line to the bottom on the back breadth which the laundress should be instructed to starch very stiff and smooth with her hand, but not iron, so as to retain all the starch

An odd and very pretty bonnet is of orange surah It is studded with ornaments of jet and has face finish of crepe de chine, plaited and in shells each shell centered with one of the jet ovals with which the outside is spotted. Strings of black velvet, front trimming loops of crepe with upstanding wings of jet placed on each side of the loops.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Some Little Black People.

Discoveries made every once in a while show that, much as we think we know in our time, there is yet a good deal to be found out An explorer in South Africa Mr G Farini, has been investigating a new race of people there. They are negroes. They are a tribe that are as really dwarfs as any you ever read about in fairy tales. They are not magicians, however, like the dwarfs in the story books but they are very cute and quick. The picture shows one family—father, mother and children.



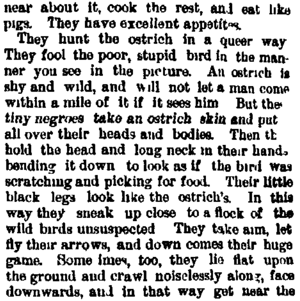
AFRICAN DWARFS

They were found in the Kalahari desert. Two other travelers had seen these little men before, but could not get near them. Mr Farini made friends with them by making gifts to them. The tallest are only four and a half feet high, no larger than a boy of 11 They look like children 9 and 10 years old, yet they have their babies, and their uncles and aunts and families, just the same as big folk

They seem to have no language of words. They utter sounds of some sort as animals do, something like squealing and quacking, and thus talk to each other But nobody yet has been able to understand them any more than he can pig talk or horse talk

Strange to say these tiny negroes are the bravest and shrewdest of all the races near Lake Ngami, where they live. They shoot wild animals with bows and arrows. They are cunning enough to dip the end of the arrow into poison, so that it kills whatever it hits sure shot When the game is dead they cut out the poisoned arrow and the flesh near about it, cook the rest, and eat like pigs. They have excellent appetites.

They hunt the ostrich in a queer way They fool the poor, stupid bird in the manner you see in the picture. An ostrich is shy and wild, and will not let a man come within a mile of it if it sees him But the *tiny negroes take an ostrich skin and* put all over their heads and bodies. Then they hold the head and long neck in their hands bending it down to look as if the bird was scratching and picking for food. Their little black legs look like the ostrich's. In this way they sneak up close to a flock of the wild birds unsuspected They take aim, let fly their arrows, and down comes their huge game. Some times, too, they lie flat upon the ground and crawl noiselessly along, face downwards, and in that way get near the animal they wish to shoot.



HUNTING THE OSTRICH.

One explorer gave this small race the name of "Akkas." They do not have any chief or head, but live in families. They haven't the slightest idea of any sort of religion. How could they when they can't *talk, and thus cannot have any preachers!* Not having any ministers, either, they don't have any weddings or marriage ceremony, but just pair off as the birds do

They are bronze colored, with the tiniest possible hands and feet, and are as quick and restless as squirrels. They get their living easier than anybody else known. When hungry they shoot the first wild animal they can find, and cook and eat it on the spot. When night comes, wherever they are, they just dig a hole in the sand, get into it and go to sleep. They never have any houses.

The New Moon.

A little boy, just two years old,
  Or maybe two months older
Came riding home across the lot,
  Perched on his father's shoulder

"Look, Oswald! Hold your head up straight!
  (Do stop that dreadful drumming!)
See, just above where mamma stands,
  A little moon is coming!'

The baby lifts his round blue eyes,
  The moon laughs at their glancing
To see the wonder of his gaze
  'Most sets the moon a-dancing

Frowning, he solved the problem soon
  Indignantly he spoke it
"Papa dat's no the big wound moon
  I fink *somebody broke it!"*

—St Nicholas

Golden Locks and Grandpa.

"It is winter on Grandpa's head,"
  The little girl, Gold Locks, said,
As, perched like a bird on the round of his chair,
She brushed and patted his soft white hair

Then, tired at last, she crept
  Into his arms and slept,
And her cheeks grew red as a rose, so warm
Was the nest of his close enfolding arm.

Before she scarcely woke,
  Or opened her eyes she spoke
"I feel your heart beat, Grandpa, dear,
And it's just as hot as summer here!'

—Youth's Companion

That Baby.

One little row of ten little toes,
To go *along with a brand new nose,*
Eight new fingers and two new thumbs
That are just as good as sugar plums—
  That's baby

One little pair of round new eyes
Like a little owl's, so big and wise
One little place they call a mouth,
Without one tooth from north to south—
  That's baby

Two little cheeks to kiss all day,
Two little hands so in his way,
A brand new head, not very big,
That seems to need a brand new wig—
  That's baby

Dear little row of ten little toes!
How much we love them nobody knows;
Ten little kisses on mouth and chin
What a shame he wasn't born a twin—
  That's baby! —Babyhood.

LOCAL NEWS.

FROM FRIDAY'S DAILY

—Ferd Hecker, son of Dr Hecker, is down sick at his father's home

—S W Devore and Alice A French have been licensed to marry

—Miss Ila Idleman visited Miss Lida Kiser at Delaware, yesterday

—Mrs J E Rhoads is rusticating in the country among her many friends

—George Mitchel, of the firm of Mitchel & Vogt, Delaware, was in the city to day on business

—Marion saloonists are all of one accord regarding the Dow law —they won't pay till they have to

—George W Conrad left for Washington D C last evening, where he will remain with Harry and wife for [illegible] time

—Miss Stella Tristram was unable to attend to her accustomed duties at the postoffice yesterday on account of illness

—Delaware strawberry raisers have declared a boycott on Southern berries and all who sell them They want the earth

—Twenty five Sir Knights were at Upper Sandusky from this place yesterday nearly all of them accompanied by their ladies

—Postmaster Stark, the new democratic official at Delaware, was in the city today exchanging greetings with Postmaster Tristram

—Delaware Herald Mrs Fribley, of Marion after a week's visit in Delaware with her daughter, Mrs Frank Smith, returned home on Saturday

—Commencement of the Yale Normal University occurred at Prospect last evening and today From the announcements we judge they had a grand time

—Upper Sandusky Union Miss Fannie Peters an estimable young lady of Marion attended the commencement exercises and was the guest of the Misses Hedges

—The Board of Managers of the Agricultural Society held a meeting yesterday at Secretary Ault's office and finished the revision of the premium list for this year

M Murray & Fisher received orders today from the city of Mexico for three of their unequaled trotting sulkies Thus is the fame of Marion's institutions known abroad

—Richwood Gazette J W Kennedy and family and Miss Alice Holverstott of Marion county, were guests at the home of C K Holverstott, in this place during the past week

—Judge Norris was to have tried the Hoteling murder case at Bucyrus this week, but the same was postponed until June 14th, owing to the illness of the prosecuting attorney

—Today was Jeff Osborne's birthday anniversary and his wife gave him a handsome reminder of the occasion in an elegant plush upholstered rocking chair It was only a family surprise but a happy one just the same

—The members of Marion Commandry who observed Ascension Day at Upper Sandusky yesterday, report excellent treatment at the hands of Upper Sanduskians and a good time generally

—We dropped into the law office of C F Garberson this morning and found him nicely fixed His rooms are fitted up in splendid shape, and there is nothing in the surroundings to make legal consultation anything but pleasant

—George T Emerson son in-law of John E Davids has purchased the Copeland grocery stock and will come here from Elkhart, Ind, and engage in the grocery business Mr Emerson is a business man and we expect him to do well

—The business room of Chas Lederman is being splendidly improved at the hands of painters and frescoers Chas is bound to have the appearance of his room in keeping with his growing business and we are glad to note the improvement

—Mae McWilliams treated the STAR force to a quarter of the cake she forwarded the Cleveland Press man, and after devouring the delicious morsel every man on the force expressed a desire to back her in any wager the Press man might suggest

—Dr McConnel and wife attended commencement exercises of the Kenton union schools last evening The exercises by the class six young ladies and one gentleman were highly interesting The Arion quartette, of Cleveland, furnished the music

—About twenty of Miss Josie Lapham's young friends joined in a pleasant party last evening The merry cluster of happy youths enjoyed their meeting until a proper hour, when they sought their homes wishing such parties occurred every night

—J D Wells and wife, of Cincinnati are visiting Mr and Mrs Walt Lew Focken was formerly in the employ of Mr Wells for several years He has one of the handsomest pharmacies in the Queen City on the corner of Fourth street and Central avenue

—F R Graham, who has been night operator of the C H V and T at this place for the past year, has accepted the agency of the company at Owens and began his new work yesterday J M Martin of Upper Sandusky, is manipulating the keys at night here in his place

—It is hinted in certain circles that the new arrangement of the Columbus Hocking Valley and Toledo for a through freight line from Chicago to the seaboard may prove of vaster importance in the traffic world than was at first thought The Cleveland Plain Dealer in commenting on the scheme says This may also be an important arrangement for the central traffic and trunk line pool for with a combination thus formed by independent lines they can snap their fingers at all the coercive measures the pool lines may see fit to adopt

Put Up on French Thornhill

[Delaware Herald]

Hon French Thornhill of Richwood is a fine looking gentleman so also is Lawyer James of this city In fact the two gentlemen are supposed to look very much alike They themselves have so often been told of this that they shy clear of each other When French comes to the city the Delaware lawyer stays in doors to avoid being saluted as Thornhill The other day French came to Delaware and had on a new suit of clothes which somewhat disguised him Taking a seat in the hack at the depot the first realization French had that a mistaken identity was in the air was when the hack brought up in front of the James residence the hackman mistaking the Richwood statesman for the Delaware lawyer French declares that it was a set up conspiracy and swears eternal vengeance on Burt Tristram and John Watkins

Sad Death at Morral

Special to STAR]

MORRAL O June 4 —Our people were shocked this morning to learn that the spirit of Mrs Will Neff nee Miss Rhoda Sherbondy had passed away They spent the day in Marion returning home about 5 o'clock stopped at John Campbell's where Mrs Neff complained of not feeling well She lay down to rest and was suddenly taken with hemorrhage of the lungs and died at 11 o'clock

Poor Will has the sympathy of the entire community Only five short months ago he claimed her as his bride —today death claims her

The funeral will take place at her home in Morral Sunday June 6 when she will be placed in the Marion cemetery by the side of her mother and father, who preceded her

One of Dumm's Colonels

Wyandot Union

Col Jas Jacoby of Marion has been spending several days in this county in the interest of the Ohio Farmers Insurance Co for which he is agent for this and Marion county Col Jacoby is a gallant fellow who enjoys the confidence and esteem of all within the range of his acquaintance When employed on the Marion Mirror, 3 years ago we became well acquainted with Col Jacoby and found him the grand gentleman he has always proven himself to be We congratulate the Ohio Farmers on its good fortune in securing so able a representative and we here take pleasure in recommending our friend to the people of Wyandot county

Pension Day

June 4th was quarterly pension day when proofs for quarterly pay must be made Early the battle scarred veterans called at the probate judge's office and signed their papers and then forwarded them to Columbus to draw what in many cases is meager pay

The widows for the first time enjoy the increase Congress allows them and thirty six dollars is their pay where it was formerly twenty four

About fifty papers were filled out and signed at the probate office Caledonia pensioners transact their work with Squire Kelley and a few get their papers out before Clerk Thomas

Real Estate Transfers

J Schweckendick to Philip Milo lot 11 in Morral $1[illegible]

Julia A Potter to [illegible] Haines ½ acre in Montgomery tp $100

W H Sprague to J J Hopkins 71½ acres in Montgomery tp $[illegible]

A H Kling trustee to [illegible] Wixtead 53 acres in Big Island tp $[illegible]

J E Davids to Fred Wetzel lot [illegible] in Davids addition $[illegible]

H True to Alpha B [illegible] lot [illegible] in Marion $250

H Sp[illegible] to Joseph Cratty lots [illegible] to 181 in Prospect $[illegible]

Admitted to the Bar

Charles D Pillsbury passed a highly satisfactory examination at Columbus and has been admitted [illegible] to the bar by the Supreme Court Charles has been a diligent student with Fenton & Fisher and [illegible] admittance We presume he will locate in the West, Kansas probably and [illegible] sun We wish him success

The most remarkable feature among all mankind is the confirmed dyspeptic who always looks as though he had no claim left on him and yet the very worst of this class may be brought back to health and happiness by using Vinegar Bitters a remedy that even the most skeptical modern practitioners are beginning to use in their practice

Remarked by [illegible] Jenner of Allen [illegible] Hillsdale county Mich Nothing has given [illegible] such quick relief as Dr Thomas' Electric Oil—believe it infallible for rheumatics

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

Bee Line Local Strikes Jacob Boyer With Perhaps Fatal Results

A distressing accident occurred this afternoon on the Bee Line railroad near the eastern boundary of the corporation, and that may prove fatal to the unfortunate victim, Jacob Boyer, an old soldier and farmer living about five miles east of Marion

Boyer who is perhaps sixty years of age came to town this morning, and after remaining in town all forenoon, started homeward about two o'clock, walking on the Bee Line railroad As he neared the edge of town the east-bound local came close upon him, but he paid no heed to the ringing of the bell and the continuous blasts of the whistle

Engineer Kunkle, seeing the man walking blindly and deafly to destruction reversed his engine with all possible haste but the freighted train was too heavy and to stop was impossible The pilot struck the unfortunate man and hoisted him to the side of the track and he fell with his left arm under the wheels The member was completely severed and thoroughly mangled, and his right foot mashed in a sickening mass. Besides when struck by the pilot, he was internally injured and badly bruised about the head and the face by the fall.

The train did not pass a full length till it stopped and the injured man was carefully picked up and brought to the Titus House where Drs Sweney and McConnel proceeded to dress his wounds and ascertain the extent of his injuries His life is not endangered by the loss of the arm or foot but the internal injuries and the strain of the operation necessary is rather severe for one so old, and he will do well to survive it

The accident is indeed distressing, but the fault can be attributed to no one but the injured party Engineer Kunkle says he did all to prevent it that anyone could do yet he feels bad over the matter, for the sight as seen by an engineer, is not pleasant to contemplate

We understand Mr Boyer has a wife and children living

AFTER TWENTY FIVE YEARS

Of a Happy Wedded Life Mr and Mrs. T. H Linsley Strengthen the Bonds by a Silver Wedding

The residence of Mr and Mrs T H Linsley and the yard presented a beautiful appearance at early lamp light last evening The house was brilliantly lighted and throughout the yard numerous Chinese lanterns shed their mellow light and under whose rays were hung inviting hammocks to rest those whom merry making had made them tired

At eight o clock the invited guests began to assemble, and the arrival of neatly attired gentlemen and richly dressed ladies continued until over a hundred of the elite of Marion had assembled to celebrate the twenty fifth anniversary of Mr and Mrs Linsley's marriage The debonair assembly, after the customary exchange of greetings and compliments indulged in social diversions until ten o clock, when it was announced that the marriage ties would be re-bound Before Rev W F Thomas stood the bride and groom, the bride smiling and fuller of admiration for her partner than when the knot was first tied, the groom not blooming with the features of his youth, but as happy as when he first promised to love, protect, etc, Miss Lefever as his wedded wife Rev Thomas performed a novel ceremony, happily relating the story of the first and then more strongly knitting their allegiance together

Then came congratulations, followed by the supper, a menu that must pass the criticisms of the most confirmed epicure It was most delicious indeed, and the assembly knew how to appreciate it Social pleasure ensued and the merry chatting assembly happily pursued this feast of the mind until a reasonable hour when the guests left for their homes, but not until each and every one had wished the entertaining host and hostess continued joy in their union and many such enjoyable anniversaries

The guests left behind them many beautiful and costly presents, not donated for their intrinsic worth, however, but as reminders of their good wishes and the pleasures of the occasion Among them we notice Three sets of nut picks and nut crackers two sets of fruit knives two sets of tablespoons and two sets of teaspoons, a large cake knife a beautiful sugar spoon, a beautiful [illegible] stand, a lamp, a beautiful nut bowl and spoon, a half dozen butter dishes and three salt and pepper bottles set in silver

LARUE

Mr Henry Thew aged 71 years, died at his home today, June 3d He has been confined to his home measurably since December 1885 General debility and old age was his case He was one of our best and most worthy citizens, he was a man of true honor and integrity—such men are not to be found on every bush Montgomery Township has lost one of her most valuable citizens. He was what he appeared to be, no deception, no hypocrisy no meanness he was [illegible] I may have a few more words to say next week I notice M B Chase [illegible] the funeral He is destined to [illegible]

C

Do not be deceived by unprincipled persons offering worthless preparations but ask for Goch's Mexican Syrup and take no other It will cure your cough

Of Course We Blow!

Our would-be competitors say we are given to a great deal of blowing. Of course we are—we have

SOMETHING TO BLOW ABOUT!

We have the Largest and Finest stock of Boots and Shoes in Marion county, and by selling for STICTLY CASH we sell cheaper than any other dealer in the county.

A Nice Complete Line of Fine Shoes for ladies and gents.

TRISTRAM & YOUNG,

Strictly Cash Boot and Shoe Dealers.

Flowers and Feathers!

—Are the—

SPECIALTIES!

—At—

MRS. JENNIE THOMAS'

ON MAIN STREET,

THIS WEEK

NEW SHAPES ARRIVING DAILY!

CONTINUED SUCCESS!

—AT—

THE BEE HIVE!

Since our opening we have been kept daily fairly busy especially in our

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT!

—Which is with us a —

SPECIAL FEATURE!

—We are receiving daily—

NEW AND STYLISH GOODS!

From our Wholesale House in Philadelphia Call and Examine them We are always pleased to have you A Big Stock of

Ladies' Muslin Underwear!

At Very Low Prices.

Parasols! Parasols!

THE BEE HIVE STORE,

Masonic Block, East Center Street, - - - - - - - - - MARION, O.

Caledonia Has Snakes

[The Argus]

Great snakes! In town on Monday evening was exhibited one of two large snakes which were killed a short distance east of this place It was nearly six feet long, had poison fangs, the skin being of alternate light and dark checkered appearance It is of a kind but little known hereabout, and said to be an Indian racer Two or three large rattlesnakes have been killed in the neighborhood of Crissinger's sawmill, one of which had thirteen rattles

Protection from Malaria.

The preventive is the far famed Southern remedy, Simmons Liver Regulator, a purely vegetable tonic, cathartic and alterative It acts more promptly in curing all forms of malarial diseases than calomel or quinine, without any of the injurious consequences which follow their use Take the Regulator and it will keep your liver, bowels and kidneys in perfect order, and you will never have an experimental knowledge of the meaning of the word malaria

Sifted from Siftings.

"For a young woman to begin to pick lint off a young man's coat" is said to be the first symptom that the young man is in peril.

A Texas farmer says that three good bull dogs roaming the yard at night will do more to keep a man honest than all the talking in the world

On a card in a Philadelphia street car this great truth is heralded "Advertising is a great deal like making love to a widow—it can't be overdone."

Somebody has written a book entitled "What Shall My Son Be?" Upon which some one frankly replies 'If the boy is as bad as the book, the chances are that he will be hanged"

A rural Kentucky paper says "This village may be set down for its full quota in the penitentiary a few years hence unless parents do something to check the hellward course of their children." This might appear to be rather too emphatic, but that editor probably knows his town

"Don't know how many three times ten is? Now Harry," said the teacher, "if one loaf of bread cost ten cents wouldn't three cost thirty cents?"

"Maybe so at your bakery, but we deal with a baker that gives three for a quarter"

Going to church (mother to Tommy)—'Now, Tommy, you are going to church for the first time and remember you must keep perfectly still. If you speak one word God will be angry with you.'

In church (Tommy to preacher)—"Thay, misther if you don't thut up Dod'll be angry with you.'—Texas Siftings

Swiss-Italian Vineyard in California.

The Swiss Italian colony which purchased 1,500 acres of land in Sonoma county, California, five years ago has planted half of it in vineyards, at a cost of $100,000, all of which labor has been done by white men —Chicago Herald.

Casting a Big Gun in Boston.

They made a fourth attempt to cast a 54-ton 12-inch rifle for the Chicago the other day at the South Boston iron works The difficulty with gun casting is the coolings and the patent which Krupp has on this is the basis of his fame However, the Boston foundries are courageous They first make a gun pit of sand and clay thirty feet. This takes the form of the gun to be cast The core, which is to make the bore, is carefully fabricated and suspended in the pit with mathematical nicety Then at 6 o clock of one day the fires are started under three furnaces filled with steel ingots each containing thirty five tons In about twenty hours this is reduced to a molten mass Gutters are provided from each furnace to the gun mold

At a given signal each furnace is tapped, the white liquid runs into the gun pit the core stands the shock and in twenty two minutes the pit is full The furnaces are plugged and the mass of metal (fifty four tons in weight) is left to cool This process takes four weeks then if no disturbance of the core has taken place, the latter is bored out, the gun is lifted from its bed and the work of finishing begins It takes six months to accomplish this This magnificent gun when complete, will be thirty feet long and weigh fifty four tons It will fire 265 pounds of powder throw a projectile 800 pounds in weight, have a velocity of projectile of 1 860 feet per second which would cover three miles of range and a muzzle energy of 16 000 tons to the square inch of impact—or the capacity to send a solid shot through twenty three inches of iron plating —Chicago Herald

A Lobbyist's Work at the Capitol

The work of an attorney and a lobbyist before congress is not considered dissimilar by many people here although there is a difference An attorney—if he is a legitimate one and confines himself to legitimate work—simply presents the legal argument or common argument in his case to a committee as he would to a jury There his work ends and there the work of the lobbyist begins A lobbyist confines his operations to individual members He seldom if ever talks to more than one at a time By all manner of arguments and persuasiveness he induces the members of the committee or the whole house or senate to support his bill

The lobbyist does not work as much at the capitol when he can be seen as he does at the rooms of the statesmen Many however importune the members or senators whenever they can There are a number of professional lobbyists here, but the number is not so large as is generally supposed There are probably not more than fifty men or women here who make a livelihood by influencing the votes of law makers Many more than this number receive compensation with the understanding that they will influence men but they claim treachery and all that kind of thing if the measure naturally fails and if it naturally wins they take the credit to themselves —Washington Letter

A South Carolina judge decides that tree climbing is an inalienable right of boys, over which municipal authorities have no jurisdiction

ONLY A WOMAN'S HEART.

Only a woman's heart, whereon
You have trod in your careless haste,
A thing at best that was easy won
What matter how drear a waste
Her life may be in the future years?
What matters it? Do not start—
It is only the sound of dropping tears
As wrung from a woman's heart

'Tis of little worth for it cost you naught
But a honeyed word and a smile
Was the fault not hers, if she blindly thought
You were truer than truth the while?
What if the seeds of a life long woe
From its broken shrine upstart?
What does it matter to you? You know
It is only a woman's heart

Only a woman's heart ah, well!
'Tis little, I trow, to you
Whether that heart was as false as hell,
Or as heaven itself as true
You may hug the thought to your selfish breast
That you re skilled in deception's art,
But I brand you thief, for the peace and rest
That you stole from a woman's heart
—Helen A Manville.

A Plucky Little Aztec Lad.

One day, at the American legation, a bright little lad of a dozen years came in with some letters while I sat talking with the charge in the absence of Minister Jackson The boy was so polite, so prompt, so spirited that he attracted my attention, for I saw he was an Indian and was, in this position, quite emancipated from the awful frown and sense of superiority of the dark brown Spaniard—a new order of being

"Yes," said the charge, "that boy was barefooted, or at least wearing sandals a little time ago, and almost naked He was employed to feed a furnace in a machine shop, but one day he was found sitting behind a wood pile with a pencil and an old envelope in his hands The master demanded to know what he was doing The lad answered that the furnace was full of wood and he was trying to learn to write with what spare time he had '

To make a long story short this little Mexican lad had picked up a pencil and then by copying the names of his employer and others which he found about the shop on old envelopes he had already learned to write a good hand He was promoted to be gate keeper and is now the little man who takes the letters of the American minister to and from the postoffice and even takes money to and from the bank

'Steal?"

The charge was indignant "I could not even get the boy to lie for all the gold in Mexico

So you see our legation in Mexico is doing solid good It has lifted at least one human being up to the high level of soul equality And this is much more than I ever knew any other American legation to achieve or even undertake —Joaquin Miller's Mexico Letter

Transfixed by a Zulu Javelin.

Mr H H Pitt the Lieut Smallett in the "Minute Men is so often mistaken for an Englishman that he now is fully convinced that he is one He certainly possesses the voice and mannerisms of a well bred London man His drawling speech is about the same expression of voice that you will hear in the courtyard of the palace of St James when the officer of the Coldstreams is relieving guard Among the volunteers to Zululand were many English guardsmen Two of these spoilt darlings of English society were leading a body of Capetown militia against an overwhelming swarm of blacks, and the air was thick with spears Charley Frazier, a lieutenant of Scots guards, noted for his slowness of speech and his variety of methods in concocting summer punches was transfixed by a Zulu javelin and fell dying to the ground The other officer raised him in his arms "Aw, old chap-pie, the—ah—black person—has—lost—his—aw— what—the—deuce—aw—d ye—call—it— aw—assegai—aw — a— slice —of—lemon would have—aw—vastly—improved—the beer cup—at—aw—luncheon Take—aw—this—out—of—my—body— old fellow—ah—have—it — mounted—aw—for —a—billiard—cue—aw And he died with the last 'aw on his lips —Cor Philadelphia Press.

Thought He Could Be Trusted.

Guidollard meets his tailor to whom he owes 3 000 francs He declares that he hasn't a sou Let us see says Guibollard 'have you confidence in the government?' "Certainly Eh bien you can trust me, then, for I owe much less than the government! —Paris Paper

NewspaperARCHIVE® NewspaperARCHIVE®

A NOTED FUNNY MAN

SAYS FOLKS ARE OVER-STOCKED WITH HUMOROUS MATTER.

A Humorist Found on Almost Every Paper—The Work Done by a Local Funny Man—Twain, Cable, Nye, Riley and M. Quad Tired Out.

"The humorous papers, as a class, don't hold the distinctive place they did a few years ago," said Robert J. Burdette, in a conversation at the Monongahela house the other afternoon.

"What I mean," he continued, "is that nearly every paper of any size in the country has discovered that it has one or two men who write creditable humor. They may not make a department of it, or the man may not be labeled a funny man, but you can see it cropping out all through the paper. You will find in the city department reports with touches of bright and original humor which would do credit to a professional. You will find it in the editorial department and the paragraphs, and even in the head lines of the telegraph editor. Then, too, most papers have adopted a department of clipped humor. This effect has been produced on the daily and weekly newspapers by the humorous papers, and while it has brightened up the former considerably, it has, to some extent, hurt the humorous papers, as it furnishes about all that sort of matter that most people care to read,"

The conversation running upon the lecture platform, the humorist was asked if he had met the Bill Nye and Whitcomb Riley combination.

"No, I have not," he replied, "but I understand they are very successful. That rarely happens, when two lecturers travel together I don't think it would be possible for two humorists to make a successful combination The similarity would surfeit an audience.

"Now Mark Twain and Cable were two of the best combinations I ever knew. One could hardly conceive of two more opposite, in manner, taste, style, and everything else, than these two. Mr. Cable is a small, refined, scholarly man, very quiet, almost effeminate in look and manner, and Twain, tall, ungainly, with a sort of western dash about him. They always act as a foil to each other, and an audience never tires of them."

HE GETS TIRED OUT AT LAST.

"What has become of your Railroad Passenger?" was asked.

"Oh, I get tired of running it. I never could keep up a line of sketches of any sort. They make me tired. The only man who can do that sort of thing, and do it well for so long a period, is C. B. Lewis, of The Detroit Free Press. Year in and year out he goes on grinding out that Limekiln Club and the Central Police Court, and I can't see but what it is as bright and quaint as it was at first. It is a wonder to me ho · he does it. I can not do it, and if i try it I get so disgusted with the subject that I wouldn't write it for $100 a column. I am getting tired of writing any way. Next summer I am going to take a tent and go up in the mountains and camp out for four months, clear away from every one. I think it will be a relief to the public as well as myself."

"When is that new book of yours coming out?"

"Well, now, I've heard of that book. The newspapers flash it up about as often as they do my discoverer. According to the newspapers, Frank Hatton discovered me, and brought me before a long-suffering world. Phocian Howard also dragged me out of my rural nonentity to the pitying gazes of the public, and some twenty-five other newspaper men claim the distinguished honor of boosting me up among the pinnacles of fame. I am going to call a convention of my discoverers, or else send out circulars asking for a loan from each of them."—Pittsburg Dispatch Interview.

Periodical Plagues of Mice.

At intervals of a few years, the Brazilian colony of Lourenco suffers from a remarkable visitation of field mice, the latest of which, in 1876, has just been described Dr H Von Ihring. These creatures, ordinarily not numerous, appeared in enormous quantities, and in a few days destroyed the fields of corn, potatoes, clover, oats, barley, gourds, pumpkins, and even weeds, actually damaging houses to a considerable extent and ruining furniture and clothing.

The periodical occurrences of these plagues seems to be due to the chief food supply of the mice, the seeds of the bamboo grass, which at regular intervals of six to thirty years, matures over a large territory, and then disappears The field-mice increase so rapidly that, if all the conditions which keep them in check were removed, a single pair would bear a progeny of 23,000 individuals in a single summer, and every living thing upon the earth would be consumed in a half-dozen years —Arkansaw Traveler

Acres for England's Laboring Classes.

The question of allotment of ground to the laboring classes in England, and on which the Tory government was defeated, has been solved in a very practical manner by Sir George Wombwell On his estates in Yorkshire, comprising 13,000 acres, nearly all the cottages in the important villages have three acres of grass let with them—some have more—and to every cottage is attached a cowhouse, piggery, and garden of good size adjoining the cottage. The rent of cottage and garden is £4 to £5, and for cowgate of three acres £6. The present system of allotments on this estate has been in existence more than fifty years, and the owner increases the number of these holdings at ever opportunity, as in practice they answer well.—San Francisco Chronicle

Amateur Medical Treatment in Italy.

A living scorpion is dropped into a wide-necked glass bottle, which contains a few drops of olive oil of the finest quality. More oil is poured on instantly, until the bottle is filled and the scorpion dead. In its struggles to free itself it ejects all its poison into the oil, and this poisoned oil forms a sovereign remedy for the sting of a scorpion There is no doubt as to its efficacy, and it is probably a remedy which homeopathists would approve of on very rational grounds —London Society

The Terror of the Meadow.

Mama—When poor Christian was walking through this vally he met a horrible monster with great glaring eyes like coals of fire, and the monster had a voice like rolling thunder, and he breathed smoke and flame from his terrible nostrils. Who was it? Irma, who spent last summer in the country—Oh, mama, I know! A cow! —Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle

There is only one linen mill now in operation in the United States, and it is making only the coarsest kind of crash toweling

Brother Gardner on Cremation.

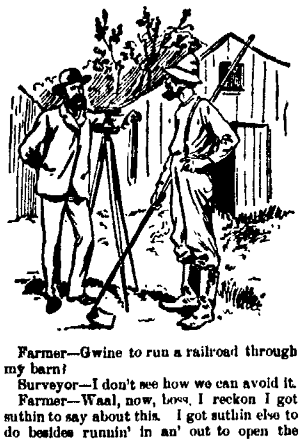
A communication was received from Washington, Pa., asking if the Lime Kiln club would affiliate with the Cremation society at that place, and Brother Gardner replied:

"De seckretary will reply gently but firmly in de negative. De society may be composed of werry excellent people, but its principles doan' harmonize wid ours."

"I should like to know why?" asked Trustee Pullback

"Bekase, as I understan' it, dere ain't five members in dis whole club who doan look upon cremashun wid a feelin' of horror. Ize bin trabblin' frew dis world wid my ole woman fur nigh on to fifty years. We has shared de same sunshine an' troubles We has indulged in de same hopes an' suffered de same disappointments. One of us am gwine to be called home purty soon, an' d'ye 'spose, in case she goes fust, I'd let her body be burnt instead o' buried fur all de gold you could pile into my cabin? No, sir! It would seem cruel an' inhuman to me. I'd look upon myself almoss' as a brute We shan't affiliate' wid no cremashun society dis y'ar, an' de nex' time Brudder Pullback addresses dis cha'r in sich an impertinent manner he'll be fined not less dan $400. Let us now close de meetin', put out de fiah, an' go home thankful dat no cholera germs have thus fur bin diskivered in our nayburhud."—Detroit Free Press.

Objected to Being a Gate Keeper.



Farmer—Gwine to run a railroad through my barn?

Surveyor—I don't see how we can avoid it.

Farmer—Waal, now, boss, I reckon I got suthin to say about this. I got suthin else to do besides runnin' in an' out to open the doors of that there barn every time a train goes through.—Harper's Bazar.

The Young Idea.

"If England is our mother country, is India our father country?" asked a promising pupil the other day.

"No, indeed; why do you ask such a question?"

"Nothing, only I see its Farther India on the map."

He was only 10 and said it in good faith.—Boston Record.

Boy—I can't go to school. I've got an awful pain.

Mother—Well, castor oil is the best thing in the world for that kind of pain.

Boy—It must be, for the pain has gone now. (He goes too.)—The Judge.

INDECENT HASTE.

Horace was standing in the upper hall one day, doing something which his mother disapproved of and ordered stopped. He continued at it after one or two prohibitions, and finally she started toward him. He darted toward the stairway and down the stairs with such haste that he went two, three and four steps at a time, and landed in a heap on the floor. Gathering himself up, he managed to climb upon a chair, and sat there puffing and panting until his frightened mother reached him, when he was just able to gasp out: "Mother, you oughtn't—to —to—hurry me so!"—Harper's Bazar.

Doing Something Heroic.

He had been courting a West end girl for a long time, but he has quit now. It happened Sunday night after church. They were sitting as close together as the sofa would permit. She looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue eyes. "George," she murmured, with a tremor in her voice, "didn't you tell me once you would be willing to do any great act of heroism for my sake?" "Yes, Fannie, and I gladly reiterate that statement now," he replied in confident tones. "No noble Roman of old was fired with a loftier ambition, a braver resolution, than I." "Well, George, I want you to do something real heroic for me." "Speak, darling; what is it?" "Ask me to be your wife. We've been fooling long enough " The sequel is stated in the preface —Washington Critic.

She Played Not by Muscle, but For It.

One of the leading teachers of the violin in Boston—and in America—relates that a young woman came to him for instructions and after a lesson or two he very frankly and honestly said to her:

"It is of no use for me to teach you. The simple fact is, you have no musical ear."

"Oh, I know that," she returned with the utmost sweetness and candor.

"But why," he asked, in astonishment easily imagined, "do you come to me if you know you have no ear?

"Oh, it is because of my health," answered the interesting pupil. "My doctor says there if nothing so good for my dyspepsia as the exercise of the arms I get in violin playing.—Boston Budget.

An Incompetent Teacher.

A member of a Lawrence county school board was speaking of the teacher employed "That feller ain't givin' no satisfaction at all," he said. "Why, I thought he came from the east highly recommended?" "Oh! I s'pose he was, but he don't seem to suit, just the same." "But he has a good education " "Yes, I guess he's got a straight flush on edication all right 'nuff; but the trouble's right here. Naterly, you know, the big boys have a little poker game at noon, and uv course have the teacher set in." "Yes." "Well, I'm cussed if they ain't jist 'bout cleaned him out uv his wages Now, what kind of a zample do you call that, lettin' boys down him that way?"—Estelline (D. T.) Bell.

Knocking Down Prices.

A man from the country went into a second hand store on Jefferson avenue yesterday, and asked the proprietor to show him a spring overcoat.

"Certainly; ve are yust putting down de brices on shbring stock "

Suddenly there was a terrific hammering and a general hubbub in the rear room.

"For heaven's sake, what's that?" asked the customer.

"Oh, don't get vrightened Dot's only my son Isaac knocking down de prices on shbring goots."—Detroit Tribune.

She Had Her Eye on Them.

"Ah, me," she said yesterday, after arriving at home from church, "I'm afraid most o' the women at church this morning heard but little of the sermon " "Why not?" inquired her husband "Because most of them spent the entire time looking at the clothes worn by other women " "How do you know they did that?" "Why, I kept my eyes on them all through the services." She wondered why her husband laughed —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Statistics Showing the Moral Improvement of the Colored Race Wanted.

When the meeting had been opened in due form Brother Gardner said he desired to call the attention of the meeting to the following circular recently issued by the keeper of the museum:

To the public: "The Lime Kiln Club museum now contains about 4,000 relics, ranging in interest from the sword of Bunker Hill to the jackknife of John Quincy Adams. We have room for at least 2,000 more, and are making an earnest effort to build up something which will live after us. If you have anything in the nature of a relic which you are willing to part with we will receive it with grateful hearts. We sadly need another skull of Nero, and can make room for any old boots belonging to Plato, spades or shovels used by Diogenes, or shotguns with the name of Cæsar engraved on the breech. We are the only museum in this country which accepts relics as marked and swear by 'em forever after."

INFORMATION WANTED.

Sir Isaac Walpole wanted some information. He had been looking over the annual report of the Detroit police board, and had noted the fact that, out of over 7,000 arrests during the year, there were only four Africans. However, when it came to colored people born in the United States the figures were 453. Did this go to show that civilization corrupted the colored man? Didn't it give a black eye to the generally accepted theory that the better a colored man was educated the higher above crime would he soar? He would like the views of the president on the matter.

"My theory in regard to your figgers am dis," replied Brother Gardner. "Dar' war' only fo' real ole Africans in Detroit, an' arter dese had bin run in de stock was exhausted an' de perlice had to go fur cull'd Americans to fill up de gap. When only one fish hook out of sebenteen cotches a cull'd man I doan' reckon he am slidin' down hill so werry fast."

STATISTICAL.

Waydown Beebe said he had been thinking for some time that the club ought to take it upon itself to gather and compile certain statistics regarding the colored race of this country, and he trusted that a movement in that direction would be favorably considered.

Pickles Smith supported the idea. He wanted to know just how many colored men were hanged every year; how many left the profession of whitewashing for that of law; what number became baldheaded; how many committed suicide, and why they did it.

Several other members discussed the subject favorably, and it was finally agreed that a statistician should be appointed, at an annual salary of $2. Brother Gardner announced that he would appoint Professor Clarified Walkingbeam to the position, and instructed him to enter upon his duties at once. The salary is intended to be just sufficient to keep the professor's hair cut close the year round. The office is distinctively honorary, and the incumbent's social position will at once be raised a good many pegs.

NOTES.

A motion that a barrel of lemonade be placed in the hall at every meeting hereafter was voted down, and Elder Toots, who made it, was fined $11.

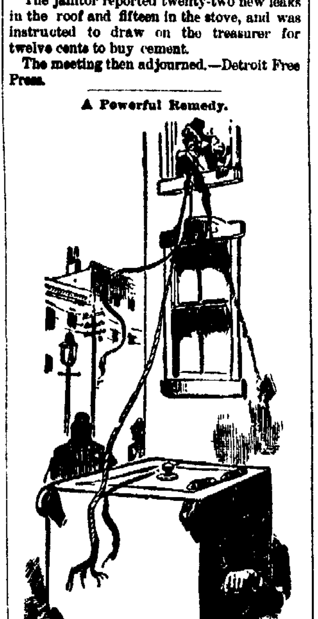
Judge Arbitration Smith attempted to get a resolution through the meeting declaring the accordion to be the national musical instrument of America, but received no support.

Uncle Ben Thompson wanted the meeting to express itself on the subject of a war with China, but was ordered to sit down.

The janitor reported twenty-two new leaks in the roof and fifteen in the stove, and was instructed to draw on the treasurer for twelve cents to buy cement.

The meeting then adjourned.—Detroit Free Press.

A Powerful Remedy.



A permanent and a *safe cure* for all diseases.—The Judge.

An Errand of Charity.

"Uncle Stead" is what they called a shrewd old gentleman, who used to live in Winthrop, a little way out of the village, up the side of the pond, near Readfield. One of his fellow-citizens was a man named Lovejoy. Uncle Stead met Lovejoy in the village one day, and he said to him: "Lovejoy, there's a poor woman lives out on the edge of the town that needs some provisions. I'm willing to supply her, but I've sold my horse and have no means of getting the stuff to her. Now, I'll buy her a barrel of flour and a ham and some other supplies if you'll carry them out to her with your team." Lovejoy said certainly, he'd be very glad to do it. Accordingly, Uncle Stead bought a barrel of flour, a ham, a bucket of sugar, etc , and, telling Lovejoy where the woman lived, sent him off on the errand of charity with the good things in his pung.

Lovejoy easily found the house where the woman lived. He unloaded the goods, puffing like a grampus as he rolled the barrel of flour in, and said to the woman: "Mr. Steadman sent you the provisions. He's a mighty kind-hearted man to send you all these things."

"Well, I don't know why he shouldn't send them to me!" exclaimed the woman, in surprised accents. "He's my husband."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Making Himself Solid.

Pretty Cousin—And what do you think of doing after leaving Harrow?

Tommy—Oh, I shall go into the India civil service.

Pretty Cousin—Do you think you'll like India, then?

Tommy—Oh, it's not that. But you know in the India civil a fellow's widow gets such a good pension.—London Punch.

HOW DRUMS ARE MANUFACTURED.

The Old-Fashioned, Wooden-Barreled Sort—The Modern Kind Made of Tin.

The old-fashioned drum with wooden barrel, which was formerly the only kind in the market, is being rapidly supplanted by the neater and lighter model with a tin barrel. For the manufacture of the latter, tin of various colors is employed, blue and red predominating, though the larger quantity of tin drums are made of a brass imitation. This tin comes in sheets of two sizes, 14x20 inches, and 20x28, the sheets being packed in cases holding 112. The sheets are first sent to a knife, which cuts them into various lengths, from which drums of sizes varying from 6½ inches across the head to thirteen inches are made. This done the strips are each punched with a hole, then secured and tightened together. Hoops are placed on the inside rims, and the barrel is then ready to receive the sounding skin. This is generally a sheepskin, which is stretched tightly across the head above and below, and fastened from the outside by hoops. These skins are all imported from Liverpool, and cost from $1.75 to $2.50 a dozen. Previous to using, they are stretched and dried by steam in the winter and by the sun in summer. Before being stretched over the drum barrels, they are once more moistened, generally in a solution of pure water or slightly ammoniacal. Then remains the tightening of the drum hoops. This is done either by strings or rods. The first are stretched diagonally, leather tighteners being inserted to stiffen the sound skin. The rods are hooked on one end and screwed at the other. Of this latter kind, the consumption is over six times that of the older fashion.

Wooden drums differ but slightly from the above. The barrels are generally white or bass wood, occasionally oak. The stay hoops are of oak or beech. Before the strip of wood can be used, it needs to undergo many processes, among others being bending, planing, and sweating. The first drums made used to be boiled in open tanks, and the limit that could thus be prepared daily was less than fifty. The introduction of machinery and more perfect methods has increased the daily production, so that 2,000 drum pieces is considered nothing more than one man's fair day's work.

The log, usually cut to three feet in length, is placed between the teeth of a huge machine, and the slicing begins. The knife receives it, and, as the log revolves, the piece sliced is received on a wooden cylinder and then rolled up. Seventy-five thicknesses make one inch of the log. If then the log is three feet through, one revolution will yield a piece nine feet long, and the total length sliced from the log would extend over a mile. Cutting machines further reduce this huge sheet to the desired lengths. A core of six inches thickness is left, which is taken out of the jaws and split into drumsticks or tenpins. The veneers are heated, then bent, and are soon ready to be shaped as a drum. There are also planing and sandpapering machines, all run by water-power. The strips are put through the bender, from three to six at a time. The sticks are smoothed by rolling in revolving barrels, the process being continued for three or four hours.—Springfield Republican.

Construction of Iron Ocean Steamers.

The first vessel was launched in 1817, and is still in existence. But not till 1833 did the work seriously begin. At that time the Lloyds began to build small iron steamers for short voyages. A certain amount of prejudice had to be overcome, for there were many doubts as to its strength and buoyancy. But it made its way, and the first successful iron steamer made a transatlantic voyage in 1843, the Great Britain, launched by the Great Western company. In those days the Great Britain was rated as an unusually large sized ship. It was a ship of 3,000 tons burden, and was an iron screw steamer combining the new methods of propulsion and construction. The voyage was successful, and the ship is still in existence, and, till within a few years ran to Australia.

Her success led to imitation in the English marine, and in 1850 the Inman line was established between Liverpool and New York of iron screw steamers. It had no profitable mail contract, and was purely a commercial undertaking, but under skillful management has been very successful. In the United States iron shipbuilding has never taken root the way it has in England. Americans began early to build small iron steamers, and do now, but only for coasting lines. We only use iron in cases where we are entirely cut off from competition, or where we are driven to it, as it is impossible to use wood for much of the coasting service.—Detroit Free Press.

Quinine's Rival in the Genus Citrus.

The Italian doctors are "booming" lemons, Khatta oranges, limes, and other varieties of the genus citrus as rivals of quinine. Dr. E. Bonaviat says that a decoction of lemon and Khatta orange will cure intermittent fever as certainly as quinine, and that it acts with rapidity even in the tertian and quartan forms. In cases of weakness and loss of appetite after fever the effect is even more quickly developed. It shows itself after the second dose, improving the appetite and digestion and diffusing vigor through the nervous and muscular systems. He tried three kinds of sour citrus in such cases, and they appear equally good. Similarly beneficial results were obtained in enlargement of the spleen, and it would appear that we have in the genus citrus a remedial agent for intermittent fevers and their consequences of much potency.

It would be interesting to find out whether this medicinal agent exists ready-made in the fruit or is brought out by the action of the boiling citric acid on the essential oil and bitter principle of the rind; whether it exists only in some citrus or in all the fruit of the genus; whether it also exists in the leaves, bark, and wood of the trees.—Chicago News.

The Code in the Lime-Kiln Club.

Professor Burwell Cavendish, a late local member made his debut by inquiring if the club officially upheld the code. If he was insulted, and he challenged the insulter, would the club stand by him?

"What would you challenge him to do?" asked the president

"To meet me on the field of honah, sah."

"What fur?"

"To fight sah."

"Oh, I see. Well, Brudder Cavendish, my advice to you am to keep off the field of honah. You'll git yer feet all wet, ta'r yer coat-tails on the bushes, and probably be run off by the farmer's brindled dog. When a man sasses me, and does it to be mean, I'ze gwine to let drive fur his nose wid my bunch of fives. Dat's code 'nuff fur anybody, an' you kin hit him on the sidewalk as well as to go off to some field of honah. Let us now adjourn fur one week "—Detroit Free Press.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

When all our hopes are gone
'Tis well our hands must still keep toiling on
For others' sake;
For strength to bear is found in duty done;
And he is blest indeed who learns to make
The joy of others cure his own heartache.

Life's Victor, Crowned Son,
Show us more oft, as to thy doubting one,
Thy pierced hand.
We are so weak, so prone thy way to shun,
Help us, at least, the truth to understand,—
Love's ministry is life—so simple and so grand.

—M. U. Drake in Youth's Companion.

An English Opinion of the English.

We have lived so long in the lap of plenty that we have forgotten the art of self-protection, and when any of the normal emergencies of primitive civilization arises, we are entirely at a loss how to deal with them. The self-protecting instinct is, in fact, perishing of atrophy. England is in danger of becoming the dodo of nations. Originally, the fat, ungainly bird whose remains alone attest its existence in the Mauritius, was a vigorous and energetic bird, strong of wing, alert, and capable of self-defense and of preserving itself by its natural faculties against its enemies. But in the course of time the dodo was shut up in an island inhabited by none of its natural enemies, where it had nothing to do all day but sit and grow fat. And it ate and grew fat accordingly, losing year by year, some of its former vigor and faculty. In the absence of all external foes and the abundance of food close at hand, its unused pinions gradually grew less, until they were but senseless and ridiculous remnants of wings. As the wings dwindled, the bird waxed fatter and fatter, until at last it reached dimensions without precedent, and the dodo was enveloped complete, a great fat, hulking monster of fat and feathers, which was incontinently kocked on the head by the first man who set foot on the island.

There are no dodos now, but the middle-class Englishmen is a biped not altogether dissimilar to his feathered prototype. He has dwelt so long in safety behind his seas and his police, that the more rugged, self-protecting qualities have died out—not past revival, fortunately, but so far that he is at an enormous disadvantage when suddenly called upon to face attacks against which, in a ruder state of civilization, every householder was prepared —Pall Mall Gazette.

An Old Milestone in New York.

The average Gothamite of to-day takes very little interest in such things. On Third avenue, near Seventeenth street, there still remains one of the old milestones set up in the old times, when all long journeys were made by stage, and the avenue was part of the old post road to Boston. It stands near the curbstone and thousands of people pass it daily, but I never saw man or woman stop to look at it, or even give it a glance of interest in hurrying by. Indeed, I have known people who have lived within 100 yards of it for years to say that they never saw it or even heard of it in any way. Yet there the old milestone stands, an humble and battered monument of the past, with the inscription, "Two miles from the city hall," almost obliterated by the knocks and wear of time.

What suggestions it brings up of the days long past, when New York was little more than a town, and the old-time stages rolled by with the old-time people inside and outside, and thick woods and green fields made a pleasant landscape on either hand. Now the elevated trains whirl along overhead, the old stages and the old people are forgotten, and the stained and crumbling milestone attracts no more notice than a horse-block. But so be it. We must take the world as it is.—New York Cor. Detroit Free Press.

The Diva and Her Dimes.

While Patti was taking—I will not call it earning—$3,500 for her performance in the United States, that being her actual salary, though it was advertised at $5,000 she won the reputation of being the closest-fisted star that ever trod our stage. She never gave a copper to the stage hands or other laborers of the theatre save under the severest pressure, and then in the smallest possible sums. These people are constantly called on to perform services, and make the theatre easier for the leading performers, and it is the custom to present them with a gratuity at the end of a season, or now and then while it is current. The diva seems to have carried her parsimony abroad with her. During her recent three performances at the Eden theatre, in Paris, eight of its staff of attaches were assigned to special service for her. She sent them a 20-franc piece to divide, which gave to each exactly 50 cents for three nights' hard work under a haughty and exacting star. Her own compensation for these three performances was, if I am not mistaken, $9,000.—Cor. New York News.

What Will Be the Coming Bonnet?

'What will the coming bonnet be like?" responded a man milliner the other day. "It will be unlike anything ever before attempted. Watch for it and repress your risibilities. The ornithological craze is dead, and the birds may sing and twitter in peace. They will not ornament feminine headgear this season. What is the craze? Why vegetables and fruits and flowers—but mostly vegetables. The flowers to be used are chosen because of the brilliancy of their coloring, and it is possible that many a false alarm of fire may be traced to a flaring, flaming bunch of buds on the coming bonnet."—Albany Express.

How Autographs Sell in Paris.

Clemenceau's handwriting is to be had for 80 cents; M. Rochefort and M. de Freycinet run together at $1; Louise Mitchel is down at $1.80, and ex-Premier Ferry's is still worth $2. Mr. Gladstone's autograph costs $4; Prince Bismarck's, $4 for a signature alone, and $20 for a letter all in his handwriting. So reports a French dealer in autographs.—Exchange.

The Fatted Ox of the Festival.

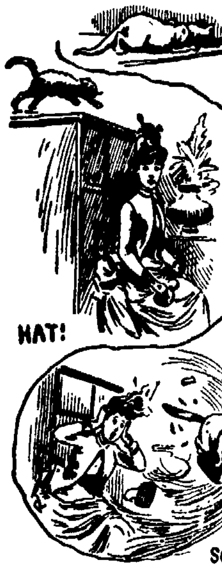
The bœuf gras, or fatted ox, at the New Orleans festival this year was a remarkable animal. He was the purest white, over 3,600 pounds in weight, and appeared ready for sacrifice, with hoofs and horns gilded and neck and shoulders garlanded.—Chicago Herald.

Value of Iron Ore in Virginia.

It is claimed that every ton of iron ore in Virginia can be converted into superior Bessemer steel by the Reese basic process. At present it can not be utilized owing to the cost of the acid process.

A religious paper speaks of a certain heterodox clergyman as having gone tobogganing in theology.

Another Blow at a Fleeting F



Who could blame the cat?—Harp

It's English, You Know

"Oh, I say, old chap, did you
Willie Watwbuwy's tewier killed a
tawday?"
"The dooce! Willie must have be
fwightened."
"Oh, no. He wasn't theah "
"You aw a liah, saw "
"You aw anothaw, saw."
"I shall nevaw wecognize you ag
"Thanks, awfully, saw."
Their friends intervene and preve
bloodshed.

"Going widing to-day, Awthaw?
"Naw. Got to work, demmit."
"So sowy, deah boy. What is t
blawsted job, eh?"
"Maw's witten me a lettaw, and I
got to wead it befaw I can mak
dwaft on haw. Did you evaw hea
a boah?"
"Nevaw, deah boy, nevaw."

"My gwacious, Cubleigh, what
beast have you got theah?"
"It's a bulldog, deah boy, first p
last kennel show. My friend L
pwesented him to me, faw weine
don't chew know."
"But pawstively, he's the mos
fewocious looking bwute I evah saw
be afwaid to go neah him; I should,
honaw."
"Theah's no dangaw, I ass
deah boy: none whatevaw. I've
teeth extwacted."—New York Tow

One Result of Freedom

Shortly after the war a tourist c
ern river steamboat, loitering a
lower deck observed an old darkey
the edge of the boat, swinging his
the water in a most comfortable m
drawing near entered into convers
"Old man, how do you like freed
The old darky looked puzzled,
scratching his head thoughtfully,
ing it dubiously a while, replied:
"Bossy, hit's sorter mixed!"
"What do you mean by that, m
"Well, bossy, hit's dish yer way.
slave times if I wuz on dish yer up
an' wus ter fall inter enny leetle
l ke I's mi'ty ap' ter do, an' drap
sumbody'd screech out: 'Nigga
an' de whissel 'ud blow, an' de b
'ud ring, an' dey'd hab me out'n da
I to'ch water moe'. But dese here
I's jes' ez sleepyfied ez I useter w
man Nod's jes' ez ap' ter grab me,
drap overbode, Mars' Mate 'ud sing
"'Man overbode!'
"Mars' Cap'n on the barrycane r
ler down:
"'Who is it?'
"Dey'd 'spon:
"'Nobody but er d——d freeman
"'An', bossy, dey mout fling out
send fur me ter lay holt on—bu
whole boat? No-sir-ee-bob! 'Cays
I's jes' lak enny or'nary white tr
wuff nuffin' ter nobody!"—Detroit

Jottings From Life.

Uncle Rastus (to lawyer)—I hea
infidelity am suffishunt groun's fo'
Lawyer—Yes, if you can prove
Uncle Rastus—I kin prove it.
de papers at wunce. Dat ole 'om
haint been ter chu'ch in foah mo

A RICKETY TABLE.

Mater Familias—John, stop yo
meat wid a knife; you's slopping
outen de cups. Pick it up an' e
want it.
Pater Familias—Dielye, take de
from him. He's gittin' dem fool n
dat new schoolmarm.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

She—You seem in unusually g
Uncle Jack.
Uncle Jack—Yes; I have ju
from Philadelphia.
She—Philadelphia! It hasn't
tion of being exhilarating.
Uncle Jack—It is if you wor
When I become chronically cast
depressed I go there for a week.
phians are not especially bright,
and I begin at once to feel, by co
I am a genius.
She—But doesn't it end in your
frightfully conceited?
Uncle Jack—Sometimes; but th
two in Boston always takes me do
Life.

The Young Idea.

A young lady who was earnestly
ing to interest a Sunday school cl
one pupil gazing intently at her.
felt sure the interest of one pup
was enlisted, when the child said:
"Oh, Miss Mather!"
"Yes, my dear, what is it?"
"What does make your nose s
Harper's Bazar.

There was a wedding last week
tain rather famous home on the
and the church ceremony intereste
sister of the bride immensely. A
after the husband and wife had
on their wedding journey the lit
terrupted her doll playing to ask:
what church were you married in?
married in a church, my dear. Y
mother was a naughty girl, and
with grandpapa. We were ma
minister's house." "Oh, ho!" l
midget, "how did you ever mana
such a fussy old fellow as grand
Boston Record.

An Unsatisfactory Woo

A Clay county man, who was v
to secure a wife, selected a yo
Vermilion who, he thought, w
him, and wrote her a note in whic
was briefly stated as follows: "De
you will be my dear wife I will be
husband. God bless you." T
was far from satisfactory.—Omah

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